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Me, my kids and Glenn Ford

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New Dream Stuff by Woodbury. In any light . . . with any costume you wear . . . this velvety, fragrant powder-plus-foundation stays completely true to your natural coloring. The secret? An exclusive new ingredient, "Dreamlite" . . . yours only with Woodbury!

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Smart new mirror compact, just 5
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WOODBURY DREAM STUFF

FEB 26 1960

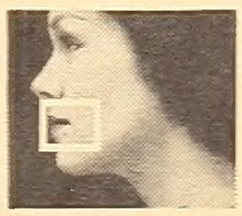
Every time you brush your teeth, finish the job...reach for Listerine



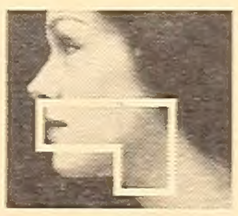
Germs in mouth and throat cause most bad breath. You need an antiseptic to kill germs, and no tooth paste is antiseptic. No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does... on contact, by millions, on every oral surface. No wonder more American families use Listerine than all other mouthwashes combined!

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Listerine way kills germs on tongue, palate, tonsils, all over mouth and throat.

*See directions on label



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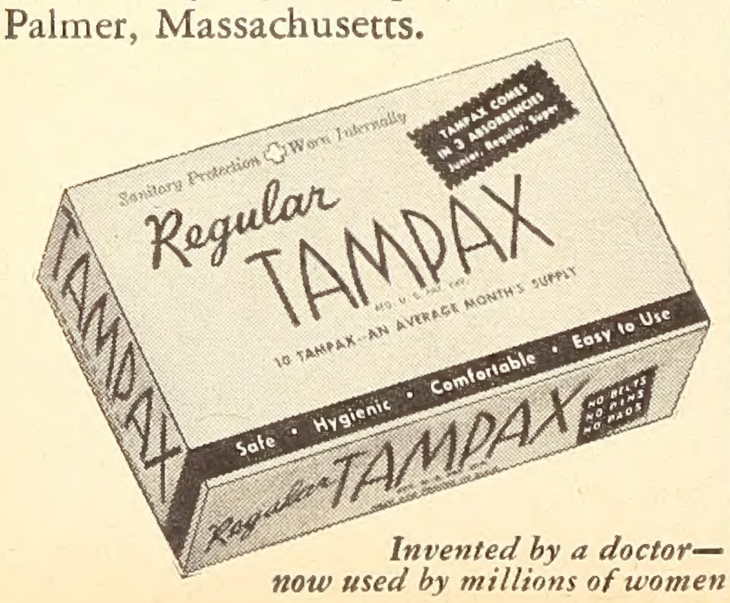


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modern screen

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She never had a gazebo!



He's Suspicious of it!



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IN CINEMASCOPE

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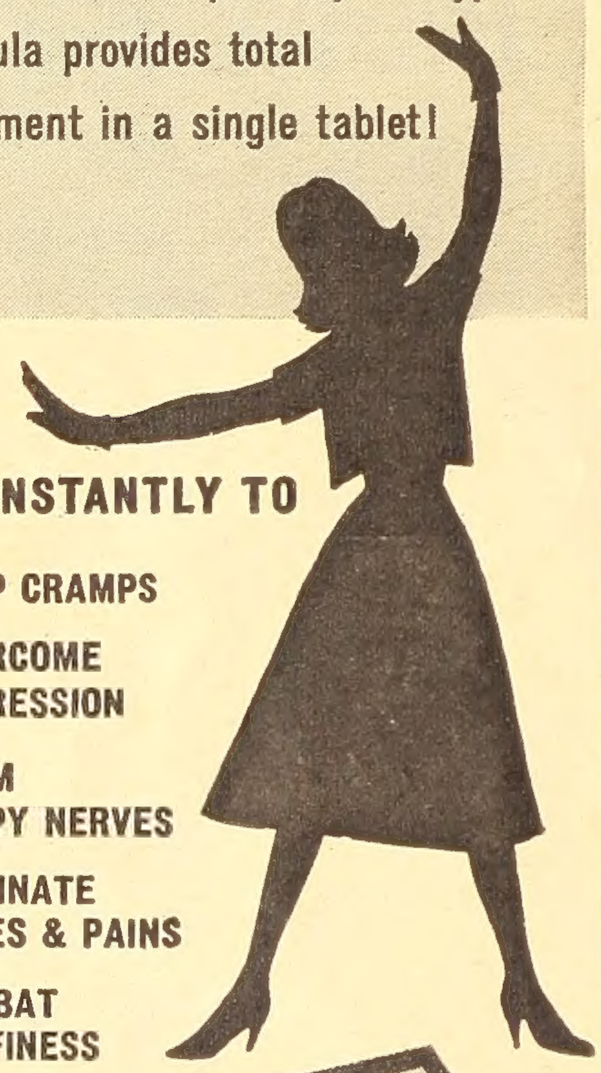
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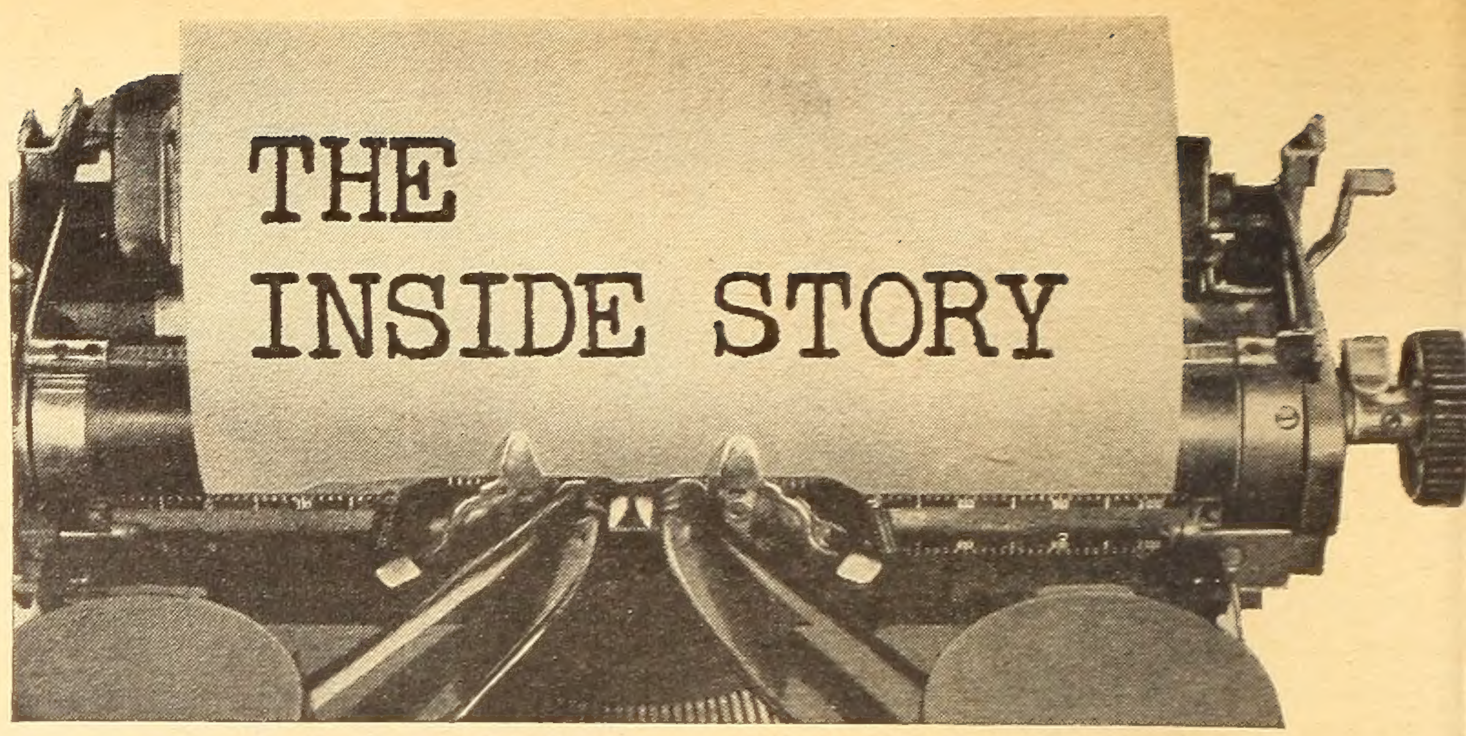
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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q I've been reading a great deal about **Cary Grant**'s date with young Las Vegas chorines, air-stewardesses, etc. Has Cary ever considered dating a woman of his own age?

—J.W., Tallahassee, Fla.

A *Not for the past twenty years.*

Q What's the scoop behind the report that **Kirk Douglas** threatened to walk out of the movie *Strangers When We Meet* because **Kim Novak** and director Richard Quine kept carrying their personal problems onto the set?

—J.L., Rocky Mount, N.C.

A *Kirk couldn't walk out of the picture because of contractual demands. He was upset at any delays which might have kept him working overtime since he had other projects demanding his attention.*

Q Is it true that **Lauren Bacall** was finally able to get over her infatuation with **Frank Sinatra** by strictly adhering to the adage that time heals all wounds?

—S.M., Butte, Mont.

A *Her friends say Miss Bacall's philosophy was 'time wounds all heels.'*

Q Is the **Roger Moore** marriage heading for stormy weather?

—C.C., Newtown, Conn.

A *The rains came. But, the Moores are reconciled—for now.*

Q There was a great to do in the papers about *Happy Anniversary* not being able to get a production code seal unless the words, *"It was wrong. I shouldn't have taken Alice to that hotel room,"* were added to the finished print. I saw the picture—and somehow **David Niven**'s voice sounded different when he said them. What caused this difference?

—F.E., New York, N.Y.

A *"Niven's voice" sounded different because Niven refused to do his own dubbing on the principle that the addition of lines was juvenile and insulting to audience intelligence.*

Q I read that **Ray Anthony**, **Mamie Van Doren**'s "ex," is intent upon making **Lana Turner** his next bride. Any truth to this?

—E.C., Richmond, Va.

A *Ray is intent, Lana both amused and uninterested in the whole idea.*

Q I haven't read too much about **Pat Boone** lately. Is he still as hot with the fans as ever? Or is he fading out now that **Fabian**, **Bobby Darin**, etc., are leading the field?

—S.F., Woodmere, L.I.

A *Pat's popularity is at a nice steady stage. It is the consensus of opinion in the music business that he's passed the teen-age idol stage, and will develop into a sure and steady* **Perry Como** *type.*

Q I saw **Gregory Peck** in *Beloved Infidel.* As Greg Peck, he was gorgeous; as F. Scott Fitzgerald, he was a bust. Since Peck always seems to fight for his rights with directors, why didn't he insist that Fitzgerald be played as the disintegrating man he was in his later years?

—S.B., Cairo, Ill.

A *Greg did fight for his rights. His director, who wanted a less strong and virile character, went down for the count.*

Q Why has **Alan Ladd** put his foot down about his son **David** working in any more films? Is it because David was getting too much publicity?

—C.S., Steubenville, Ohio

A *No—not enough formal schooling. Alan will allow David to make films—but only during the summer months.*

Q Did **Liz Taylor** use any of her personal influence to get **Eddie Fisher** the role of her piano player in *Butterfield 8* —or is this casting an added publicity gimmick for the picture?

—A.M., Johnstown, Pa.

A *All her influence.*

Q I read your story on **Beverly Aadland**. What do those in the know in the movie industry feel will be her professional future, after all the **Errol Flynn** publicity has been forgotten?

—B.H., Pleasantville, Mo.

A *Oblivion.*

Q Why did **Janet Leigh** accept a tiny part in *Psycho?* What is the reason for her feud with **Vera Miles**, who is in the same picture?

—G.L., Albuquerque, N.Mex.

A *Although Janet gets killed off in the second reel, her role up until then is a meaty one. No feud, just some dissension as to who would get top billing—Janet, with the bigger name, Vera, with the bigger part.*

This is the picture the public went wild about in nationwide Previews!

James Garner and Natalie Wood

in

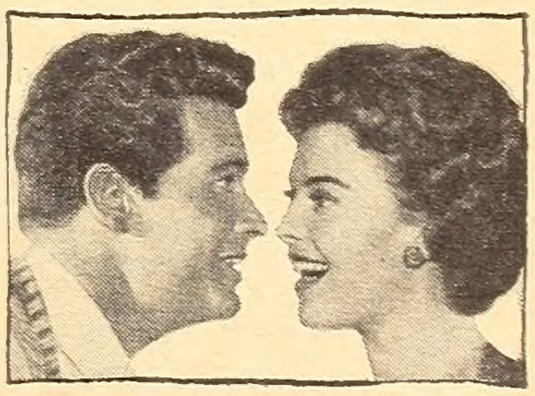
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BIG MAN... BIG CHARM... BIG MILLIONS...
BUT FROM THE GIRL NOT EVEN A LITTLE KISS!



This fellow–
he's a zillionaire...
But this girl – she
keeps giving
him the air...!
Why should it
be? People, you
gotta see!
It's the new year's
big bright
romantic delight!

They're marvelous together!



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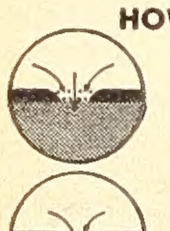
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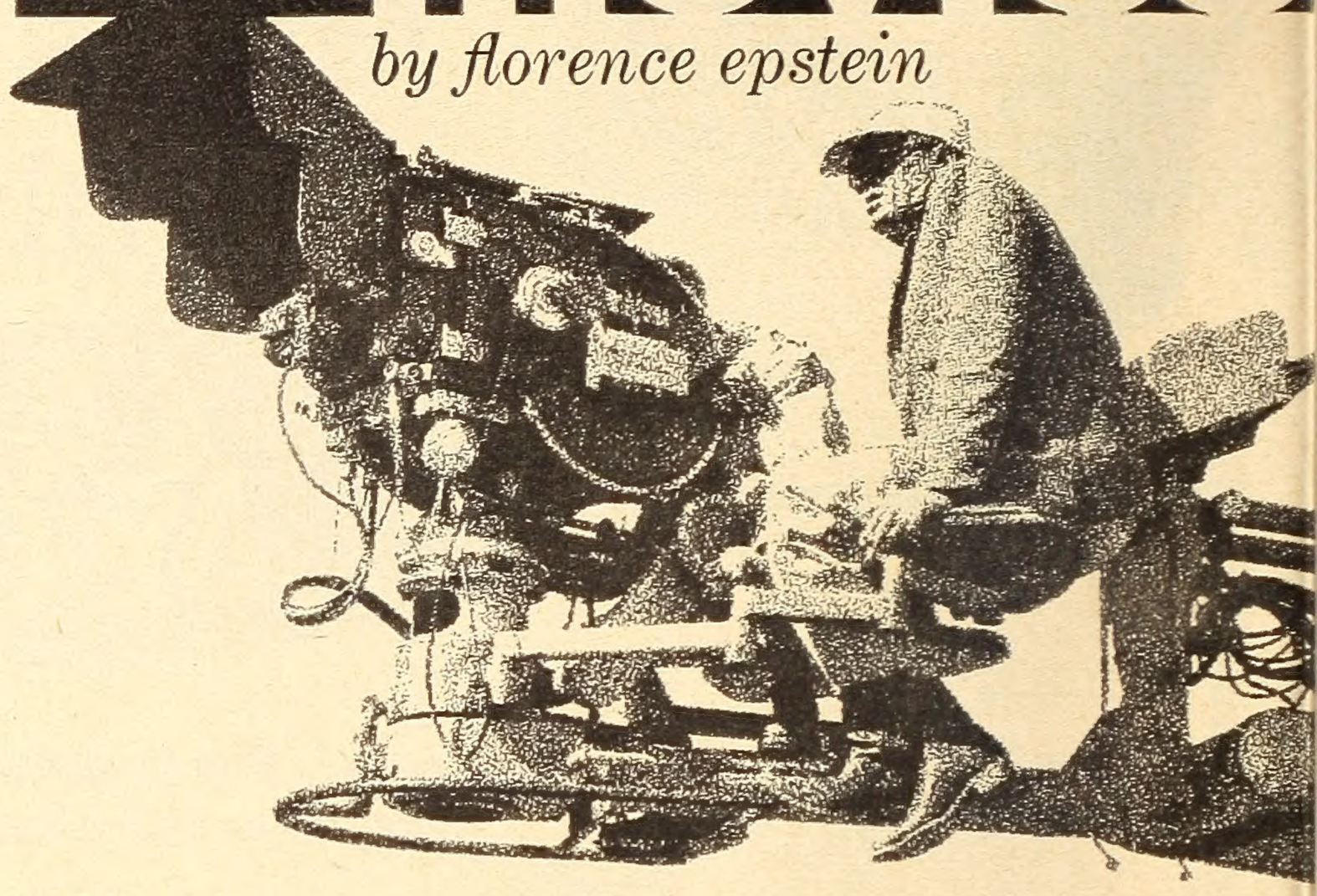
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new movies

by florence epstein



BEN HUR

a tale of the Christ

Charlton Heston
Stephen Boyd
Haya Harareet
Jack Hawkins
Sam Jaffe

▪ From the very first moment of Ben Hur the view is dazzling. Indeed, the prologue—scenes accompained by narration of the birth of Christ—is of breath-taking, overwhelming beauty. Immediately after begins a story which, although it is nearly four hours long, rarely drags and never lets you down as far as emotional excitement, suspense or climax are concerned. Ben Hur (Charlton Heston), scion of a rich Jewish family of Judea, welcomes the new Roman Tribune to his city. The Tribune, Messala (Stephen Boyd), is his boyhood friend and Heston hopes that the tyrannical hand of Rome will soften under his rule. But Boyd believes that Caesar is divine; Heston believes with the Jews that there is only one God. Conflict between these former friends is inevitable. Although this is the story of Heston's conversion to Christianity, it is, on the surface, an adventure story packed with action. Boyd, to teach other Jews to submit, condemns Heston to a galley and throws his mother (Martha Scott) and sister (Kathy O'Donnell) into a dungeon. Incredibly, it seems, Heston survives three years on the galley. Then during a sea battle he rescues Commander Jack Hawkins who takes him to Rome and a new life of splendor. Filled with hatred for Boyd and lust for revenge, Heston can't rest. Returning to Judea he meets his enemy in the arena where they both enter the chariot race. It is a brutal, highly exciting event. Afterward Heston is still unsatisfied; he has yet to discover the whereabouts of his mother and sister. An ex-slave, the girl he now loves (Haya Harareet), knows that they are lepers living in a valley of Untouchables and she tries to spare him by saying they are dead. On the same day that Christ is to be crucified Heston leads them out of the valley. This movie cost a fortune to produce and it looks it. It is a magnificent spectacle.—MGM

(*Continued on page 72*)

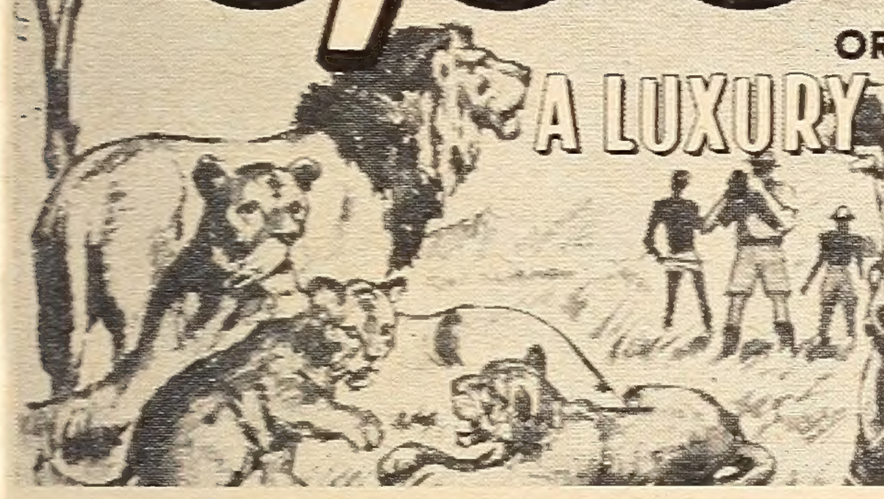


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AFRICAN SAFARI CONTEST

$5,000.00 CASH FIRST PRIZE

OR IF YOU PREFER

A LUXURY AFRICAN SAFARI FOR TWO



100 PRIZES MUST BE WON

2nd PRIZE:.....$500 CASH
3rd PRIZE:.....$100 CASH
4th THROUGH 20th PRIZES.....EACH $25 CASH
21st THROUGH 100th PRIZES...EACH $5 CASH

YOU ENTER FREE! No Statements — No Jingles — No Box Tops — Only Skill Counts!



If you like puzzles that are FAIR and FUN, here is your chance to win $5,000 CASH or, *if you prefer*, an honest-to-goodness millionaire's African Safari for two people . . . all expenses paid! Choose the CASH and spend it any way your heart desires. Choose the Safari and thrills galore are in store for you and the companion of your choice — for both of you will be flown in luxurious comfort to Nairobi, African Safari headquarters, stopping on the way at some of Europe's most famous capitals. You will be furnished all the trappings of a millionaire's Safari, including your own personal White Hunter and a full staff of natives to care for your every need. Then after weeks of unbelievable adventure — seeing thousands of animals, native villages, tribal dances, mystic Mt. Kilimanjaro . . . you'll both fly home again with memories enough to last a lifetime!

AN ADVENTURE FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

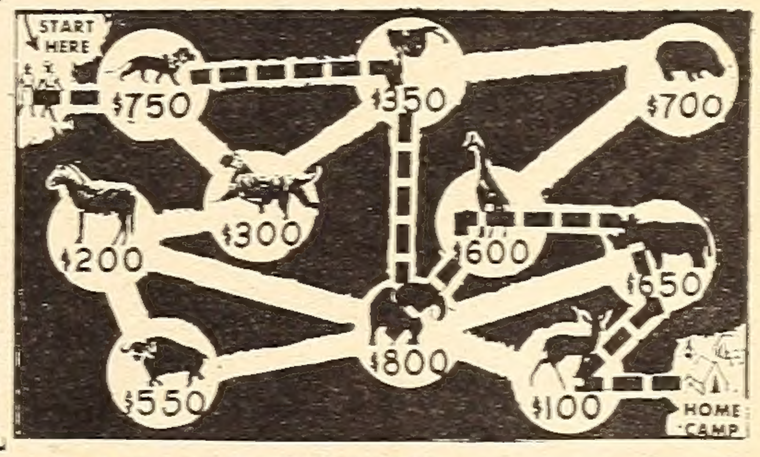


Everyone in the family may enter—see the Rules. You'll have fun and adventure solving the puzzles together. The sample solution to the right shows you how to collect $3,250 worth of animals—quite a bag—but see if you can do better! Read how to solve basic Official Puzzle #1 below—work out your own solution—then use one of the Free Entry Coupons to mail in your solution. Have a friend or relative use the other coupon and you may win an extra $1,000.00 Cash — see "Bonus Prize" to the right.

SAMPLE SOLUTION

This sample solution shows you how to collect $3250 worth of animals by visiting 6 "clearings". Now see if you can collect a larger sum yourself!

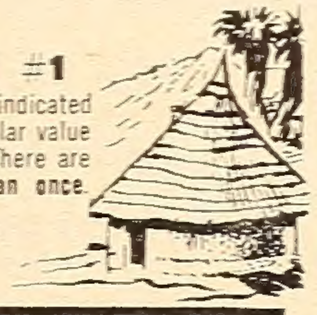
	$750
	$350
	$800
	$600
	$650
	$100
Total Value of Animals Collected	$3250

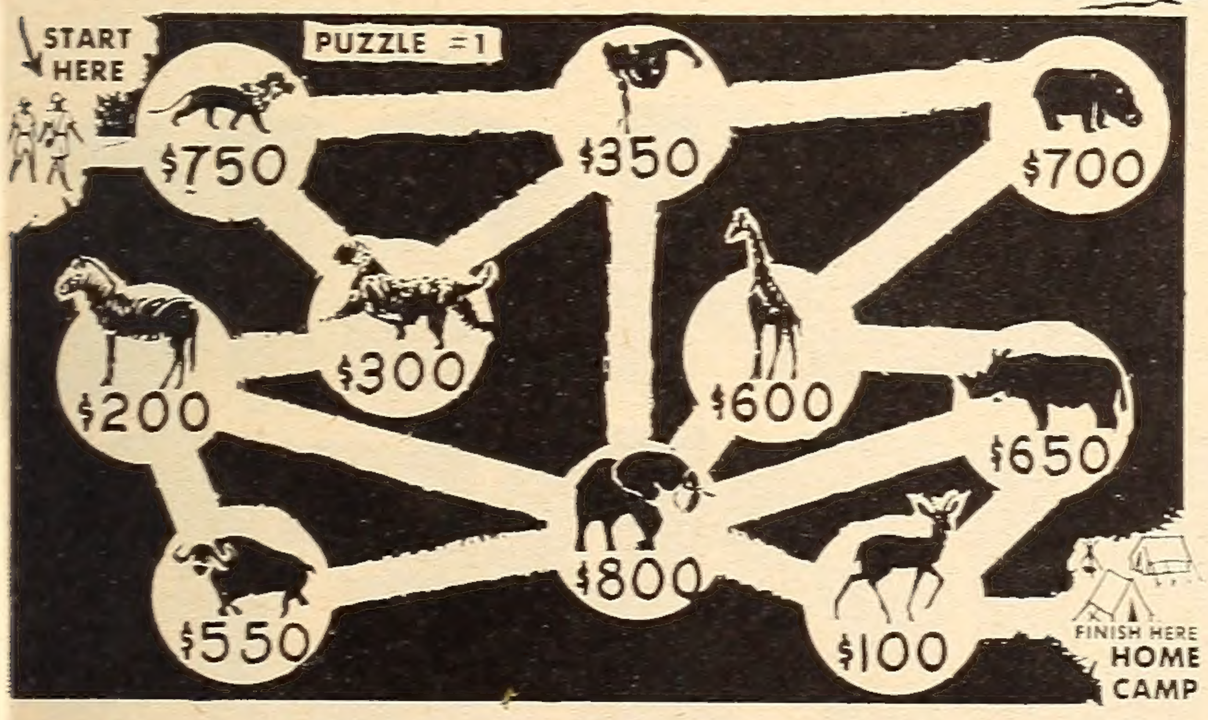


HOW TO SOLVE PUZZLE #1



Simply trace the route of your Safari from the starting point indicated to Home Camp, along the white Jungle Paths. Collect the dollar value indicated for each animal in each Clearing that you visit. There are ten Clearings in this puzzle. **Visit no Clearing more than once. Collect the largest total dollar value of animals you can.**





OFFICIAL RULES

1. **HOW TO ENTER**—Solve basic Official Puzzle #1 shown at left. Send in your solution on ONE of the Free Entry Coupons. Thereafter you will be required to solve four additional basic Official Puzzles — similar to Puzzle #1 — which will be mailed to you individually upon receipt of your solution to each preceding puzzle. You will be allowed at least one week to solve each of the 5 basic Official Puzzles. No payments or purchases of any kind are required to compete through the whole contest for the prizes listed in the headline above, including the Bonus Prize.
2. **PROCEDURE FOR SOLVING THE FIVE BASIC OFFICIAL PUZZLES**—The white paths in each Puzzle are "Jungle Paths". The white circles which contain the animals are "Jungle Clearings". Simply trace out in each puzzle with a continuous line the route of your Safari from the starting point indicated to Home Camp. Trace your route only along the white Jungle Paths. Each animal in each Clearing is worth a certain amount of money as indicated. As you go from Clearing to Clearing collect the dollar value for each animal in each Clearing that you visit. YOU MUST NOT VISIT ANY CLEARING MORE THAN ONCE. Therefore, you cannot travel on any "jungle path" more than once or collect any animal more than once. List on one coupon for each puzzle the dollar value of each animal you collect in the order you collect the animals. Add up the dollar values of all the animals you collect in each puzzle and indicate this TOTAL VALUE OF ANIMALS COLLECTED ON THE COUPON FOR THAT PUZZLE. Do not add the dollar values of animals from Clearings you do not visit.
3. **OBJECT OF GAME**—is to collect the largest Grand Total Dollar value of animals for all Contest Puzzles required in accordance with the rules.
4. **WHO MAY ENTER**—Everyone may enter except sponsor's employees, agents, relatives and others connected with the contest or anyone who has won over $500 in any puzzle contest prior to August 15, 1959. Everyone in the family may enter, but only one entry per person. There is only one SAFARI contest — do not enter more than once.
5. **JUDGING**—No judging will start until all eligible contestants have mailed in their solutions to all five basic Official Puzzles. When judging of the five basic Official Puzzles has been completed, the solution with the largest total dollar value of animals collected in each of these puzzles will be sent to each contestant who completed all five puzzles, thus affording each contestant the opportunity of checking his own solutions.
6. **TIES**—are expected, in which event all tied for prizes will be reserved until ties are broken. Tied contestants will be required to solve one or more Free Tiebreaker Puzzles (not to exceed four in all) after which if ties still exist, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Tiebreaker Puzzles will be similar to the five basic Official Puzzles but more difficult. Specific instructions for procedure and scoring will accompany each Tiebreaker Puzzle. Each succeeding Tiebreaker Puzzle will be mailed to tied contestants only if ties still exist after judging of the previous Tiebreaker Puzzle. At least 5 days will be allowed for solving each mailed Tiebreaker Puzzle. Contestants may be required to solve one or more Tiebreaker Puzzles under supervision and without assistance in a shorter designated period. No purchases or payments will be required with Tiebreaker submissions.
7. **PRIZES**—will be awarded on the basis of the highest total score (Grand Total Value of Animals collected) submitted for all Contest Puzzles in accordance with the rules. Whoever achieves the highest Grand Total Score will receive First Prize. Whoever achieves the second highest Grand Total Score will receive Second Prize and so on until all prizes have been awarded. There is only one First Prize, one Second Prize, one Third Prize, etc., for a total of 100 prizes.
8. **GENERAL**—Entries must be postmarked not later than February 29, 1960. Solutions NOT accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope may be disqualified. You may draw by hand a facsimile of the entry coupon and use it to enter. Illegible or incorrectly scored solutions will be disqualified. Sponsor reserves the right to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes and to extend the closing date for entries by not more than eighteen weeks, and to make such further rules as sponsor deems necessary for proper conduct of contest and to assure fairness to all contestants and all contestants agree to be bound by same. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations. All submissions become the property of sponsors and must be the result of each contestant's own skill except for help from the contestant's own family. Judges' decisions final. Sponsor is not responsible for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof. Prize money is on deposit. Each contestant must keep a record of his or her puzzle solutions to submit to the contest director if requested. List of winners available as soon as final judging is completed. Winning solutions will be certified by one of America's outstanding independent firms of Public Accountants.

PUZZLE #2 WILL BE MAILED TO EACH ENTRANT WITHIN JUST 15 DAYS.

$1,000 BONUS PRIZE

Get someone else to enter this contest and you will receive an Extra Bonus of $1,000 cash if you win First Prize. To prove you are responsible for your friend or relative entering, have him print *your name* on the back of his Free Entry Coupon. Send in your Free Entry Coupon NOW. The Free Entry Coupon which your friend or relative uses must be mailed in separately together with his own or her own stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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THIS COUPON FOR A RELATIVE OR FRIEND

FREE ENTRY COUPON

MAIL TO:
AFRICAN SAFARI
BOX 2066, GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Enter in the spaces to the right the dollar values of the animals you collected in Puzzle #1 in the order in which you collected the animals.

NAME _____ (Please Print)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

☐ I ENCLOSE STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE (Folded in thirds).

5

Send Coupon Only — Keep Puzzle Itself For Your Records

$.....
$.....
$.....
$.....
$.....
$.....
$.....
$.....
$.....

Total Value of Animals Collected in Puzzle #1 $ _____

YOU MUST ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE



VITABLEN
High Potency Capsules
This Free Entry contest is sponsored by The VITABLEN Corporation, distributors of VITABLEN High Potency Capsules.
We hope you enjoy this contest and the next time you need vitamins you will purchase VITABLEN.

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FREE ENTRY COUPON

MAIL TO:
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NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Enter in the spaces to the right the dollar values of the animals you collected in Puzzle #1 in the order in which you collected the animals.

NAME _____ (Please Print)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

☐ ENCLOSE STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE (Folded in thirds)

5

Send Coupon Only — Keep Puzzle Itself For Your Records

$.....
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Total Value of Animals Collected in Puzzle #1 $ _____

YOU MUST ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE



The swinging purse . . . the swaying hips . . . the sensuous body against the lamp-post . . . then, the sudden glint of a knife . . . a choked scream . . . fleeing footsteps *and over and over he would repeat his brutal, compulsive act of killing!*

THE MOST DIABOLICAL MURDERER IN ALL THE ANNALS OF CRIME! HE BAFFLED THE GREAT SCOTLAND YARD, THE CELEBRATED ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON . . . *THE FILE ON JACK THE RIPPER HAS NEVER CLOSED.*

JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTS

JACK THE RIPPER

"JACK THE RIPPER" starring LEE PATTERSON • EDDIE BYRNE • BETTY McDOWALL • EWEN SOLON

JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents

Screenplay by JIMMY SANGSTER • From an original story by PETER HAMMOND and COLIN CRAIG • Produced, Directed and Photographed by ROBERT S. BAKER and MONTY BERMAN

A Mid-Century Film Production • A PARAMOUNT PICTURES RELEASE

SOON AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

n this issue:

'arties, Parties, Parties

A Talk With Lana Turner

ookie's Bank Account



David Janssen is so much fun at a party, and Louella predicts he'll soon be as big in motion pictures as he is on TV.



Zsa Zsa Gabor's escort, Hal Hayes, was without a place card.



Lovely Cyd Charisse and (right) Dana Wynter in fabulous maternity gown.



Merle Oberon (holding son) and husband (right) hosted the lavish party for the Henry Fords.



Aly Kahn flew from New York especially for Merle's party.



Poor Martha Hyer (here with Richard Burton) was robbed!

PARTY *of the month*

Merle Oberon's party, in her Bel Air home, honoring the Henry Fords was not only one of the largest and most lavish of the season—it was packed with drama and excitement from start to finish.

Unless you've been hibernating in a cave, you must have read the headline stories about how **Zsa Zsa Gabor** arrived with Hal Hayes (whom Merle had not invited) and for whom she had no place card. Nor did she write one. When Zsa Zsa and her escort later departed in a huff—it hit the headlines. But enough of this. It's been argued pro and con by the experts—and as a close friend of Merle's and a guest in her home I promised not to discuss it.

But this was just one of several eventful happenings of this eventful evening.

Aly Khan had flown out from New York with his current girl friend, Gwinella Riva (a Swedish beauty but she makes her home in Paris) especially for Merle's party. So when Aly's former wife **Rita Hayworth** showed up, every eye was on this interesting "threesome."

Strangely enough, the suspense did not last long. Aly and Rita chatted like old and good friends and when the dancing started after the formal sit-down dinner, Aly asked Rita to dance with him.

Martha Hyer, beautifully gowned in a long picture-portrait black velvet dress, had a ball—until she returned home that night and found she had been robbed of $80,000 worth of priceless paintings, jewelry and furs! Poor Martha collapsed when she found out that among the looted treasures were her prize Renoirs and Utrillo oils.

Meanwhile, back at the party (to paraphrase the TV westerns) there was never a dull moment even up to midnight when Senator John Kennedy arrived and immediately was the center of a circle of friends and relatives, including his sister Pat (Mrs. **Peter Lawford**), Pete, and **Frank Sinatra**.

Aly Khan was also noted dancing with **Kim Novak**—which brought to mind that they had also been a spark in each other's lives at one time—last summer it was, when Kim was in Europe. But the flame seemed to be banked when Kim and Aly danced and chatted, and his girlfriend had nothing to be jealous of any more than when Aly danced with Rita.

Almost all the women were arrayed in the most fabulous gowns from such designers as Sophie, Mainbocher, Fontana, Dior and others. So I was really amazed when one of the prettiest women, wearing one of the loveliest gowns and coats, Mrs. **David Janssen**, told me she made every stitch of her ensemble!

(Incidentally, everyone is crazy about the Janssens and I admit I'm a fan of David's popular TV show *Richard Diamond*. Ellie and David are so much fun and she gets a laugh when some friends call her "Sam," the sexy telephone gal on David's show. Mark my words, David will soon be as big in motion pictures as he is on TV. He's a young **Clark Gable**.)

As usual—it's a habit with her—**Cyd Charisse** was one of the most beautiful women present and **Tony Martin** is always so proud of her.

It was really a party of parties and the young Henry Fords, who had come to the Coast to be the godparents of Merle and Bruno Pagliai's adorable little adopted son, certainly got an interesting close-up of Hollywood before this evening was over.

"Just Good Friends" at Las Vegas

Debbie Reynolds stuck to her code of never dating a married man until he is divorced" (as she told me in my interview with er, which is on page 24 of this issue) before ie appeared with millionaire Harry Karl as er escort in Las Vegas. It was about a week fter Joan (the former Mrs. Harry) Cohn divorced Karl that Debbie resumed the dates ie was having with him before his surprising nd short) twenty-five day marriage to Mrs. ohn.

Debbie was in Las Vegas at the invitation **Shirley MacLaine** to take part in the g *Operation Typhoon* charity affair staged y Steve Parker and his *Japanese Revue* stars the New Frontier to aid Japanese sufferers the recent typhoon. With their usual generosity, many Hollywood stars including **Bob ope**, **Donald O'Connor**, **Lucille Ball**, **sa Zsa Gabor** and others, flew up to take rt in the show and buy many of the fine izes auctioned off from the stage.

Looking cute as a button arrayed in white e and tails and top hat, Debbie did a dance mber for which Mr. Karl applauded loudest all. Later, Harry bought a chinchilla coat hich was auctioned off for sweet charity, id presented it to Debbie! She keeps insisting me that she and Karl are "just good friends" id I think she means it. But I'm beginning believe it's deeper than that on *his* side id if he can change her mind—he will.

I think a special bow goes to Lucille Ball etting back to the show for *Operation Typhoon*) who almost stole the evening with her perb clowning. Lucille is *not* a happy girl ese days. There is trouble between her and si Arnaz, although both half-heartedly deny But she put her personal problems aside to me up to Vegas and help Shirley and Steve ise money for this worthy cause. She's a e girl, this "Lucy"—and here's hoping Desi kes up before it's too late.



e's a fine girl, this "Lucy," and e's hoping Desi wakes up to it.



Congratulations, Dorothy and Jacques. (Dorothy is expecting the Stork.)

"A Baby Is Coming"

I kept saying that **Dorothy Malone** certainly *looked* pregnant. And Dorothy kept denying that she and **Jacques Bergerac** are expecting a baby. We kept up this jolly little game for about two weeks.

Then, one morning, to my desk came a beautiful large white orchid to which was attached a white satin streamer with ABC printed in gold letters—and a note reading:

> *Dear Louella: You are quite right, Jacques and I are happily expecting a baby in May. In case you are curious, the ABC printed on the streamer means. 'A baby is coming.'*

Congratulations, Dorothy and Jacques. And thank you for the charming way you verified my story that Dorothy *is* expecting the Stork.



Kookie had a funny answer when questioned about marriage and Asa Maynor.

Kookie Can't Afford Two Combs

Never let it be said that **Edd "Kookie" Byrnes** hasn't kept his sense of humor through his suspension troubles at Warner Bros. (which I'm sure will be settled by the time you read this).

When I asked "Kookie" if he planned to marry **Asa Maynor** any day now, he cracked:

"The answer is—*no*. I can't afford two combs."

Edd is very grateful to Warners, the studio that discovered him and gave him his big chance on *77 Sunset Strip*. It's just that he can't get along on his $284-per-week take-home salary. That may seem like a good salary—and it is outside of the acting profession. But with all the expenses even a young actor is heir to, and the front he is expected to put up, it's small pickings.

Edd has really been up against it financially speaking. For one item alone, his tuxedo, cost him $240, almost a week's salary.

Jack Warner, a fair man, offered to up "Kookie" to $750 weekly which is okay with Edd and his agents. But "Kookie" is also hoping the studio permits him to keep 50% of what he is being offered for nightclub and personal appearances. This, my friends, is as high as $10,000 weekly.

Not bad for that cute "parking attendant" at *77 Sunset Strip!*



Kim was there with Dick Quine (right) and she made up with Kirk Douglas.



Bob Stack and Rosemary Bowe sat with Louella.



The Danny Thomases stop to chat with Louis Prima and Keely Smith.

More Parties, Parties, Parties:

I needed a scooter to get around to all the social events of the month. Come to think of it, maybe I should have taken up **Edd "Kookie" Byrnes'** offer to ride on his motor scooter (remember I told you about that last month) to cover all the ground.

There were *three* big ones on the same night—and that takes a bit of doing even for me—but I made 'em!

First doorbell we rang was at Anne and **Kirk Douglas'** big wingding at their home for **Simone** (*Room at the Top*) **Signoret** and **Yves Montand**, her husband, a fine French entertainer making his Hollywood debut at the Huntington Hartford Theater a few nights later.

Everybody but *everybody* was there—but I'll admit I was surprised to see **Kim Novak** considering that she and Kirk had been reported feuding all during the making of *Strangers When We Meet.*

Kim said, "Come with me, Louella"—and just to prove there were no bad feelings, she marched up to Kirk and gave him a big kiss! Mr. Douglas didn't mind in the least. Of course, Kim was with her 'heart' (also her director) Dick Quine.

Anne Douglas had decorated her house in red, white and blue flowers in honor of her approaching American citizenship. This set **Tony Curtis** off to drumming *Yankee Doodle* on the toy drum of the Douglas' child, much to the amusement of **Janet Leigh**, who looked stunning in red chiffon. In the crowd I saw **Steve Allen** and **Jayne Meadows, Judy Garland** and Sid Luft, **Dinah Shore** and **George Montgomery** (Dinah in one of her long Paris gowns), **Gene Kelly** with Jeanie Coyne (methinks this is a new romance—Jeanie is his former dance assistant); the **Gregory Pecks** and **Jean Simmons** and **Stewart Granger.** I told you *everybody* was there.

Hated to tear ourselves away from the Douglases, but on to the dinner Jack Warner gave for Vice President Richard Nixon and his so attractive wife Pat. The Nixons are always welcome visitors—if you can call them visitors. They hail from nearby Whittier, California.

I can tell you our Vice President has a very good and most flattering memory. He said to me, "The last time I saw you was in the elevator in the Waldorf Towers in New York. Do you remember?" *I* certainly remembered—but I hardly expected he would.

But time was ticking on, as much as we would have liked to linger on at this interesting affair, we were due at the WAIF Imperial Ball, one of the big charity affairs of every season with proceeds going to the fund for orphaned children of Europe. **Jane Russell** is a guiding light.

When we arrived at the ballroom of the Beverly Hilton, **Edd "Kookie" Byrnes** with his date, pretty **Dorothy Johnson**, the **Bob Stacks, Donna Reed,** Tony Owen and the **Danny Thomases** were already seated at our table.

The guest of honor was her Imperial Highness Princess Marie Cecilie of Prussia, a very pretty seventeen-year-old blonde whose par-



Kookie found the Princess charming.



Charming date, too—Dorothy Johnson.

nts accompanied her to Hollywood and per-nitted her to make her bow to society at this worthy occasion.

I had made arrangements for "Kookie" to e one of the young men to dance with the rincess. He was a bit nervous about it—but ame, and they made such an attractive couple n the floor that the cameramen kept their ashbulbs popping all during the dance.

When "Kookie" returned to the table he told ie the Princess was a charming and vivacious irl and a good dancer—and "What a hand-hake she has!" I knew what he meant a few ioments later when I met her and she gave ıy hand such a hearty grip it nearly took me ff my feet.

I was also very much impressed with the rincess' mother, Grand Duchess Kira, who egged those of us who were presented to er to sit and talk with her a moment. I asked er if she and her family were movie fans.

"We see few motion pictures," the Grand uchess replied tactfully, "but we like those e see."

I nominate for STARDOM

Even his MGM bosses were impressed when, following the sneak preview of *Home from the Hill* (stars **Bob Mitchum** and **Eleanor Parker**) 221 preview cards out of the 300 distributed, read *A new star is born in George Peppard*—or words to that effect.

The good-looking blonde graduate of **Marlon Brando**'s alma mater, Lee Strasberg's Actors' Studio in New York, was waylaid by eager teenage fans who told him, "You are now a big movie star."

"No," said the flabbergasted George, "I'm just an actor." I say some actor—to make such a splash in his first important screen role even if he has made his mark on Broadway in such hits as *Girls of Summer, The Pleasure of His Company* and on TV in *Little Moon of Alban*, the **Alfred Hitchcock** shows and several *U.S. Steel Hour* presentations.

A most amiable and easy-to-know young man, George gets hot under the collar about only one thing: the criticism leveled at young actors (particularly the 'method' group) for the way they dress in jeans, denims and sweat shirts.

"I often wore jeans to interviews with producers for the good reason I *couldn't afford to buy a good suit!* And this is true of the majority of young actors struggling for a break—including some girls like **Diane Varsi.** When we first start making money, we need it for our studies, not for flashy wardrobes." So there!

George Peppard is his real name and he was born in Detroit, Michigan, the son of a (late) building contractor and Vernelle Peppard, a former opera singer and voice coach. After graduation from Dearborn High School, in his native city, and several years at Purdue University, George headed for New York and the Actors' Studio. Shelley Winters' play *Girls of Summer* was his kick-off hit. Yes, girls, he is married. Helen Davies has been Mrs. P. since 1954.



HEDDA PARSONS *continued*



Lana Turner likes Fred May (left) better than any other man she knows, but neither of them is thinking in terms of marriage—not right now, anyhow.

A Talk With Lana—

I asked **Lana Turner** just how serious she is about Fred May, the good looking and reputedly wealthy businessman whom she is dating constantly. "I like Fred better than any man I know. But his divorce won't be final until February—and neither of us is thinking in terms of marriage," Lana told me.

"He has two children—which means *obligations*—and so do I."

I said, "You certainly have no financial worries with all those millions coming in from *Imitation of Life*, Lana."

She laughed. "So far I haven't seen any of those millions, but I'm told I'll get the money. When it comes it will be very welcome."

Marilyn's Husband and Marilyn's Script

No matter how politely **Gregory Peck** worded his reasons to me for walking out of *The Billionaire* with **Marilyn Monroe** before the picture started at 20th, the truth is:

He was burned up with the way Marilyn's playwright husband Arthur Miller was rewriting the script, building up Marilyn's role with each click of his typewriter.

But, behaving like a gentleman, Greg told me, "I read Norman Krasna's original story and that is what I signed to make. I have not seen the rewritten version.

"What I object to is that the rewriting is holding up the starting date which was supposed to be November 1st. Three quarters of the month is gone and we still are not into production. I have signed a contract to star in *The Guns of Navarone* in Greece late in December—and I can't wait any longer for *The Billionaire*."

Spoken like a gentleman, Mr. P.—and very nice, except that I don't believe a word of it.



Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller were on their way to Hollywood here—and to those script changes.



Childhood is for laughter, as one reader poignantly reminds us, but even Evelyn Rudie's mother and father admit that "Eloise" is not like other children.





Interesting problem—the similarity of the names of Bobby Darin and Jimmy Darren. Do you get them mixed up?



What a heart-breaking thing that nine-year-old ***Evelyn Rudie*** *should be so worried about her career that she landed in that silly publicity stunt and trip to Washington, writes* MRS. E. DERRINGER, TACOMA. *Childhood is for laughter—not fears or tears. It's cured me of wanting to put my little girl in the movies or TV.* Wise words, Mrs. D. . . .

CLEO VAN ZANDT, MIAMI, has an idea: *I'm crazy for both* ***Bobby Darin*** *and* ***Jimmy Darren.*** *But the similarity of their names, I think, is bad for both of their careers. Before they go on and become even more famous—why doesn't one change his name? Particularly as both are now actors in the movies, as well as singers.* Does everyone get these boys as mixed up as Cleo thinks . . . ?

I saw PILLOW TALK *with my sixteen-year-old boyfriend and it made both of us blush,* postcards EVELYN GREER, MADISON, WIS. Well, Evelyn, if this amusing comedy makes you blush—keep away from the French movies now on display. . . .

DEE DEE, ATLANTIC CITY, asks: *Do you feel as I do that* ***May Britt*** *is the next* ***Greta Garbo***? No. . . .

Personal to PURVEEN, KARACHI, PAKISTAN—Thank you for your kind words about this department and about MODERN SCREEN, written in excellent English for which I compliment you. I am sorry if you, such an ardent movie fan, are not receiving replies to your letters to **Elizabeth Taylor, Pier Angeli, Hope Lange** and **Susan Hayward.** Perhaps they will read of your disappointment here—and write to you, such an interesting fan from

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



One fan thinks Rock is slated for marriage in 1960, but it's doubtful—he was badly burned the first time.



Who's picking on who? The press on Ava Gardner? Or vice versa? Here she's slamming the door on reporters.



Tony Randall is an actor who can be amusing and romantic at the same time.

such a far away country. . . .

Why do you of the press pick on ***Ava Gardner***? snaps BOB WEILL, BOSTON. If you ask me, Bob,—it's Ava picking on us of the press, particularly as she now has it in her contract that she can walk off her new movie set if any reporter shows up.

I worked out ***Rock Hudson****'s future by numerology,* pens PEGGY BROWN, CLEVELAND, *and the numbers say he will be married again in 1960.* Want to bet? Rock was badly burned in his first marriage. I doubt if he'll try matrimony again so soon. . . .

Tony Randall *is just wonderful! One of the few actors who can be amusing and romantic at the same time,* enthuses MRS. VIVYAN OLDFIELD, DALLAS. *Why isn't he a star?* The next time you look at the billing, Mrs. O., Tony may jolly well be a star. . . .

ODESSA MCDANIELS, DULUTH, writes: *I cried my eyes out when I read that* ***Bob Hope*** *is completely blind in one eye now and is losing the sight of the other.* Wait a minute—Bob himself says that report is greatly exaggerated. He has lost about 50 percent vision in one eye and the other has not been affected

SALLY PHILLIPS, HOMESTEAD, FLORIDA, begs the fans not to forget the great **Mario Lanza.** *Though he did some things at the height of his fame that seemed wrong, his was a great talent. I believe all admirers of Mario can best express their sympathy to his bereaved family by buying, and then buying more, of his wonderful records.* That is a very fine idea, Sally. . . .

Has somebody in authority clamped down on ***Tuesday Weld***? postcards JIMMY STEIGER, BROOKLYN. *Haven't read much nonsense about this wild kid this month.* Maybe some latent good sense came to her rescue. But don't count on it. Where Tuesday is concerned, she can erupt again any minute. . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

hard-working hands



BEFORE TRUSHAY—
Photograph, skin unretouched,
October 26 1959

heal twice as fast



AFTER TRUSHAY—
Same hands,
skin unretouched,
October 30, 1959

with new heavy-duty TRUSHAY with silicones

Kitchen tests prove it . . . with women just like you! Hard-working hands heal twice as fast with new heavy-duty Trushay with silicones. Try new Trushay.

What happened to these hands can happen to you. And new Trushay protects your hands against detergents and through every chore you do.

TRUSHAY...the **heavy-duty** lotion for hard-working hands

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo... Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!



New Rich, Rich Liquid! Lanolin–Blessed!



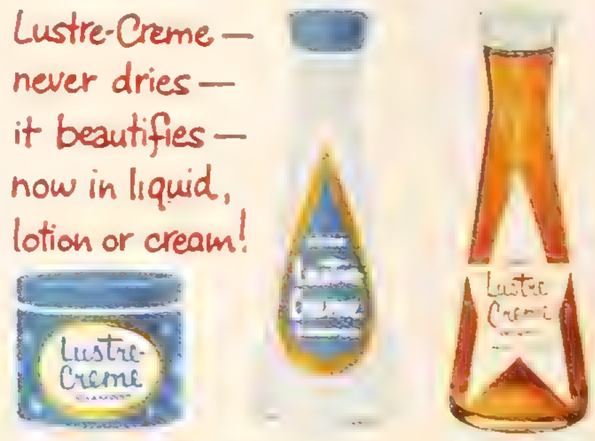
LOVELY JANE POWELL must keep her hair looking soft and shining at all times for her many television appearances and screen roles. That's why she always asks her hairdresser for a Lustre-Creme shampoo because it leaves hair shinier, easier-to-manage in any hair style. Shouldn't you use it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.
Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water.
An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—never dries—it beautifies—now in liquid, lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!



On the next 4 pages
Modern Screen brings
you the real truth
about two Hollywood
teenagers—Beverly Aadland
and Tuesday Weld—
who learned about love
from men three times
their age—and lost...

CAN A TEENAGE GIRL LEARN TOO MUCH ABOUT LOVE TOO SOON?



AT 17

MY LIFE IS OVER



■ The girlfriend really wanted to say, "Look, Errol Flynn is dead. The funeral was two weeks ago. He's gone, Beverly. Sad, tragic, heartbreaking as it is, the man you loved and lived with for two years is gone. And it's time you realize that now, and try to pull yourself together."

But aloud she said, instead, "You've barely touched your salad, honey. Here I take you to lunch at—ahem, excuse me for bragging—one of the most expensive restaurants in Hollywood. And what do you do? You sit and look at your food like it was a decoration, a display . . . Now come on. Perk up and eat a little. This isn't on any expense account, you know. This is on *me*, your old hard-working chum!"

Seventeen-year-old Beverly Aadland looked up from her plate.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm just not too hungry."

"I'll make you pay for your share of this if you don't eat," her girlfriend said, laughing.

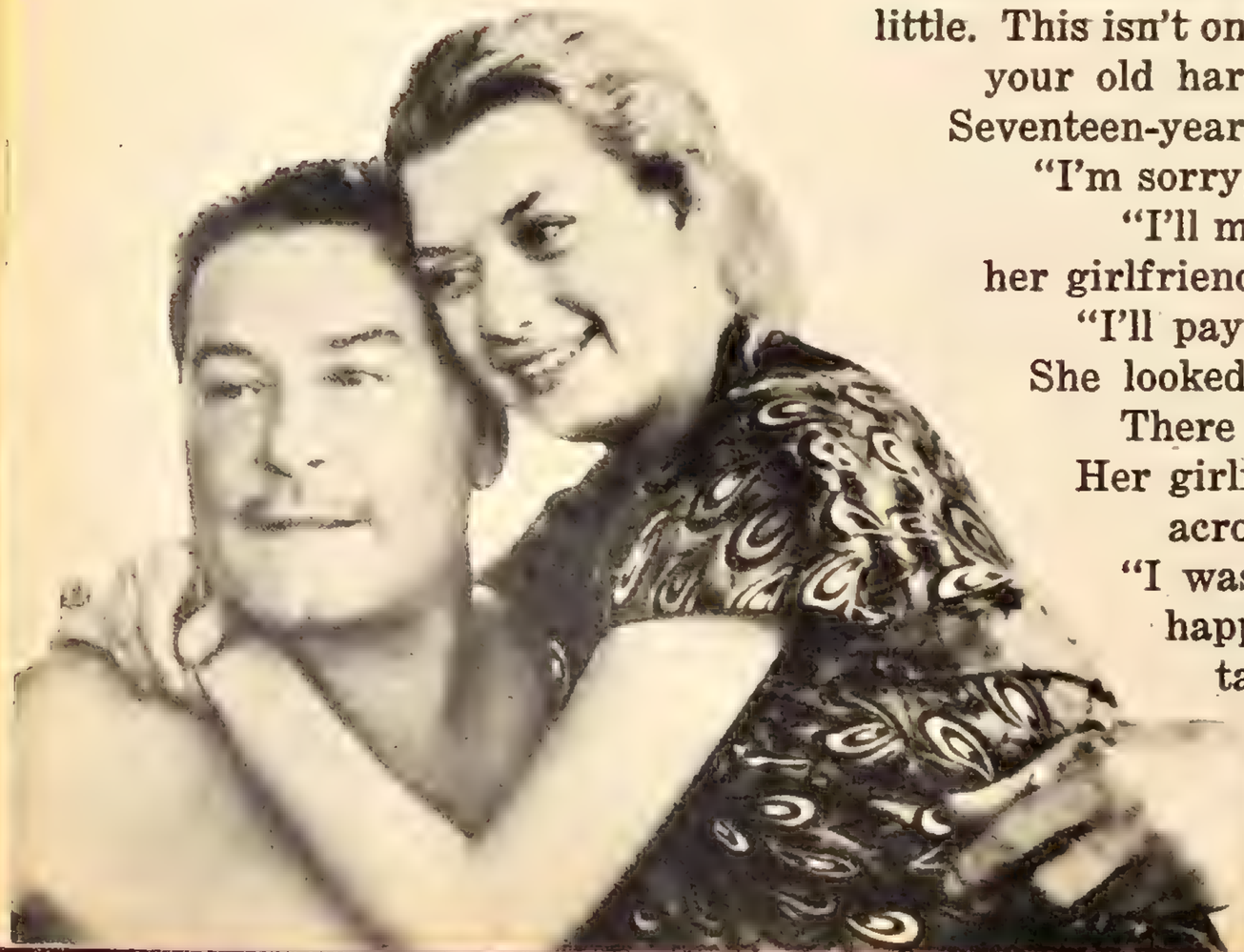
"I'll pay, if you want," Beverly said.

She looked away.

There were tears in her eyes.

Her girlfriend stopped laughing and sighed and reached across the table for Beverly's hand.

"I was teasing you—" she started to say. "Hey, what's happened anyway to the gal who used to be able to take a joke and who could—" (*Continued on page 79*)



Beverly Aadland thought she was



carrying Errol Flynn's child...

Tuesday



AT 16 I KNOW I'LL NEVER HAVE A HUSBAND OR CHILDREN

■ Actually, Tuesday and John met on the set of *Spartacus* at U-I Studios. Tuesday, wearing one of her famous beatnik outfits that day, levis, sweat shirt, sandals and mix-master wig, was visiting the set with a friend, Marsha. John, in the picture, was doing takes on a scene with Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier.

The introduction was made between a pair of takes by Marsha, who had known John for several years.

It was a very uneventful-seeming introduction, short and sweet. John said hello, Tuesday said hi, John turned to talk to Marsha for a few minutes, and then he went back to work.

As he did, Tuesday sighed. "He's the (*Continued on page 54*)



Weld was shattered when John Ireland said good-bye...



What is the truth about Debbie Now, in a personal heart-to-friend Louella Parsons, Debbie Glenn Ford away from the sets



This is a photo from *It Started With a Kiss*, the film that paired Debbie and Glenn and started all the rumors.

Reynolds' private life today? heart talk with her long-time confides all: "I have never seen of the three pictures we have

(*Continued on page 53*)



CRASH

INTRODUCING:

CRADDOCK

He was alone now. The people who'd been with him a few minutes earlier—the press agent, the man from the record company, the musician or two—had gone to their own rooms. What laughter and talk and congratulations there had been about the show he'd done that night were over. The hotel room was empty. And he was lonely, so terribly lonely . . . He was nineteen years old and far away from home and from the girl he loved and he wondered what he was doing here, anyway. In this strange room. In this strange city. This night. Far from Greensboro, North Carolina, and the life he knew. Far from the great, big, beautiful, glorious future everybody had been predicting for him. Smack in the middle of *what*, he wondered—of *what?*

He walked over to the phone. He wanted to call May. He wanted to say, "Honey, this is Billy. I'm comin' home. I'm tired of being Crash Craddock. I want to be Billy again, your husband again. I miss you, honey, and I love you and I'm comin' home to you."

But his hand left the receiver before he even picked it up.

Without looking down at his watch, he knew that it was late—well after midnight. That May, busy working all day at

(*Continued on page 63*)



THE HOUSE OF TERRIFIED WOMEN

A few miles away from the big house at 220 N. Layton Drive, Beverly Hills, the beautiful girl sat up in her bed. It was 10:40 o'clock of this mild and lovely Saturday evening, November 7th, 1959. The others, in the rooms flanking hers, in the stretch of rooms down the long and silent hallway—they were fast asleep by now. But she was not. She was sitting up, and she was

(*Continued on page 70*)



Evy Norlund and Jimmy Darren

A young engaged girl, her heart bursting
with happiness, can have a strange problem.
You see, Evy Norlund has no one near to share her joy;
she has no one with whom to share the

INTIMATE THOUGHTS OF A BRIDE-TO-BE



Evy's outfit . . . Mr. Pants



Cocktail Dress . . . Jr. Theme

Rings by Artcarved





Ballerina Bridal . . . a Maurer Original

Mrs. Jimmy Darren, Mrs. Jimmy Darren. . . . These words, like an unforgettable melody, keep singing in Evy Norlund's mind as she makes her plans for her coming marriage. All the while she is thinking of important things, big things, like her trousseau ("So many lovely new clothes . . . I want to look beautiful for him always. . . .") and furniture ("Our bedroom will be the sweetest, most romantic room in the whole world. . . .") and silverware ("We'll eat dinner by candlelight. . . .") and how she'll make Jimmy's favorite dishes ("I hope I can learn to cook the way his mother does. . . .") in a sparkling new kitchen—in the midst of all her planning, these precious words, *Mrs. Jimmy Darren,* keep coming back, and Evy hugs them close.

Her heart is bursting to tell someone how happy she is, how

(*continued on next page*)

Cotton Knit . . . Sacony

Cocktail Dress . . . Jr. Theme





"I want to be everything for him"

Cotton Print . . . Kay Windsor

Print Cocktail Dress . . . Jr. Theme







Evy's in THE FLYING FONTAINES
and Jimmy's in THE GENE KRUPA STORY
and BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG—
all from Columbia.

wonderful he is, how much in love she is . . . and yet how apprehensive she sometimes is. . . . But these are intimate thoughts to share with a girlfriend, a *best* friend, and Evy's best friend is 6,000 miles away from Hollywood, back home in Denmark. If Evy were home, she would be confiding now in Hanne Blarke, the girl she grew up with, the girl she promised would be her maid of honor someday.

At home, getting married would mean walking down the aisle on her father's arm, in the dear old church where her childhood priest, Jack Stenberg, had confirmed her, and a lavish wedding reception at the smart Europa Hotel in Copenhagen with *everybody* there, all her family, her three sisters and her two brothers, her sixteen aunts and uncles, her thirty cousins, and the kids she'd gone to school with.

Evy misses all this, not having her family and friends with her to

(*Continued on page 82*)

3 pc. silk suit . . . Sacony



Knitted Sheath . . . Sacony
Handbags by Etra
Jewelry by Coro



Dress by Kay Windsor

STORE LISTINGS & PRICES ON PAGE 82





■ Don Burnett lay down the newspaper, this summer night a little over a year ago. And as he did his mother, setting the table in the dining room a few yards away, called out, "Almost ready for dinner?"

Don shook his head. "I'm not hungry, Mom," he said. "Don't bother about me right now."

His mother walked into the living room, confused. "Don," she said, smiling, "I've got the roast almost ready . . . You said you were famished when you called before. And I—"

(*Continued on page 66*)

DEATH OPENED OUR HEARTS

The strange
love story of
Gia Scala
and her husband
Don Burnett...

A Modern Screen Photo Scoop!

A VISIT WITH JEAN SIMMONS AND STEWART GRANGER





Jean stars in Universal's SPARTACUS *and will soon appear in United Artist's* ELMER GANTRY.



(Opposite) Lined up on the horses from left to right: Lindsay, Stewart, Jean, and Jamie. (Above) Stewart tries to keep the barbecue under control. (Above right) Tracy smiles good-night to her mommy. (Right) Stewart lends a hand to his pretty passenger. (Below) Stewart proudly shows off a prize Charolais bull calf.





■ Everyone in Hollywood has some method of getting away from it all. Some eat, some drink . . . but some just get up and go! Take Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons. They head south to their own 10,000-acre ranch named Yerba Buena on the Mexican border. There with their three-year-old daughter Tracy and Stewart's thirteen-year-old daughter Lindsay and fifteen-year-old son Jamie, they ride herd, milk cows, try to forget about Hollywood—and guard their privacy. That last is the important matter. When they invited us out, we were very shy about asking, "May we bring a camera? You know . . . our readers . . . your fans. . . ." Jean laughed and said, "Of course," and we were almost at a (rare for us) loss for words. We've wanted to bring you these pictures for so long, we take great pride in presenting the first picture story anywhere on the life of "The Granger Rangers."

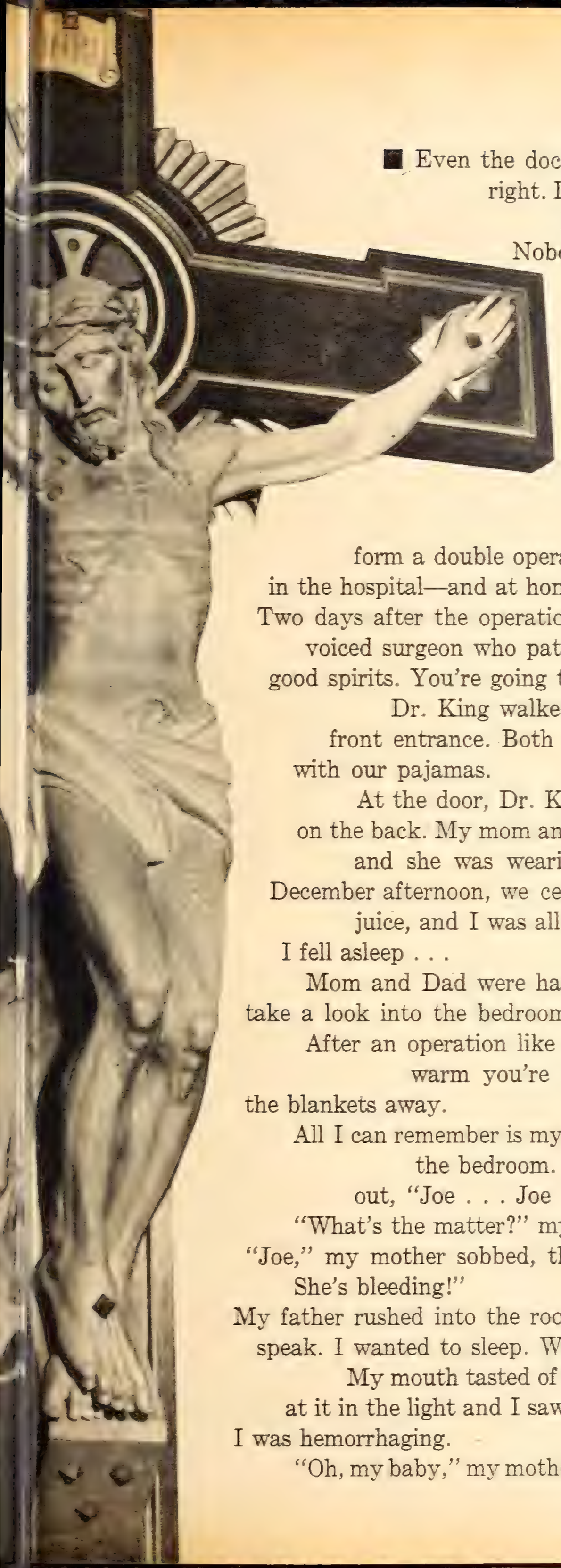


In my agony
I kissed the Cross.
I heard a Voice say,
"I am with you."

I BELIEVE I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS



By Annette Funicello / as told to George Christy



■ Even the doctor didn't suspect. He told us everything was all right. It just turned out to be one of those nightmares you hear about and never think can happen to *you*. Nobody expected it.

My brother, Joey, was six and I was nine when we had our tonsils removed in St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank, California. It was during the Christmas holiday because my mom and dad didn't want us to miss any school. My tonsils had bothered me from the day we moved to California from Utica, New York, where I was born.

The doctor agreed it was a good idea to perform a double operation. Joey and I could keep each other company in the hospital—and at home—while we got well.

Two days after the operation we were released by Dr. King, the kind, soft-voiced surgeon who patted me on the arm and said, "Now, keep up the good spirits. You're going to be all right."

Dr. King walked down the long hospital corridor with us to the front entrance. Both Joey and I carried our overnight plaid suitcases with our pajamas.

At the door, Dr. King said, "Don't they look fine?" as he patted us on the back. My mom and dad smiled. Mom was pregnant with Mike then, and she was wearing maternity clothes. When we got home that December afternoon, we celebrated with vanilla ice cream and fresh orange juice, and I was allowed to play with my Christmas doll in bed until I fell asleep . . .

Mom and Dad were having coffee in the kitchen when Mom decided to take a look into the bedroom to make sure I hadn't kicked off my blankets.

After an operation like that, you fall into deep sleeps where you feel so warm you're uncomfortable. So you toss and turn and push the blankets away.

All I can remember is my mother yelling and the hallway light shining into the bedroom. She was standing above me, and I heard her cry out, "Joe . . . Joe . . . Joe!"

"What's the matter?" my father called back from the kitchen.

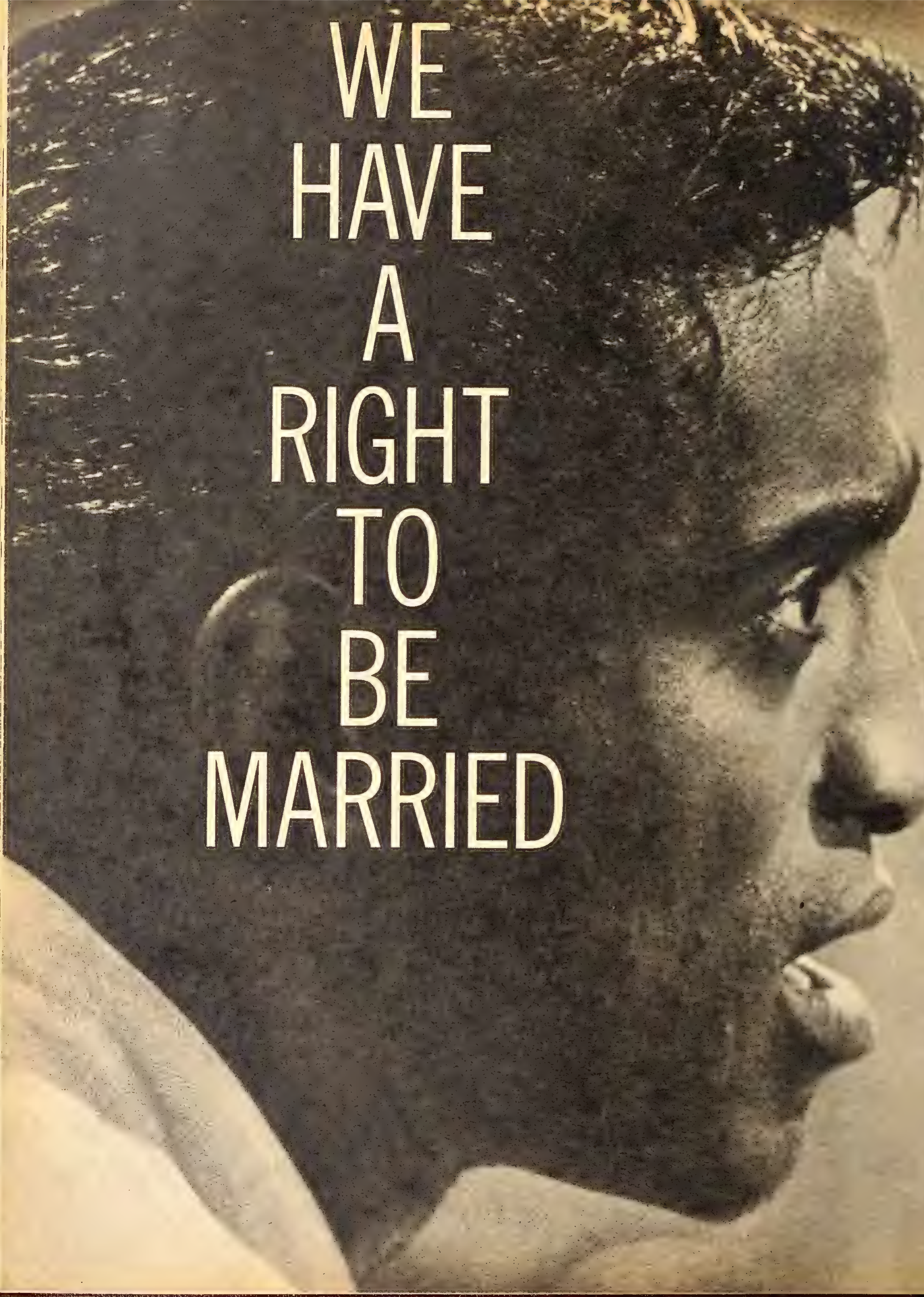
"Joe," my mother sobbed, the shiver of distress in her voice. "It's Annette! She's bleeding!"

My father rushed into the room. He snapped on the overhead light. I tried to speak. I wanted to sleep. Why were they bothering me? But I couldn't talk.

My mouth tasted of blood. My pillow was moist and clammy. I looked at it in the light and I saw it was red, dark red, soaked with blood.

I was hemorrhaging.

"Oh, my baby," my mother cried as she took me in her (*Continued on page 78*)


WE
HAVE
A
RIGHT
TO
BE
MARRIED

The Love Story of Sammy Davis, Jr. and Joan Stuart



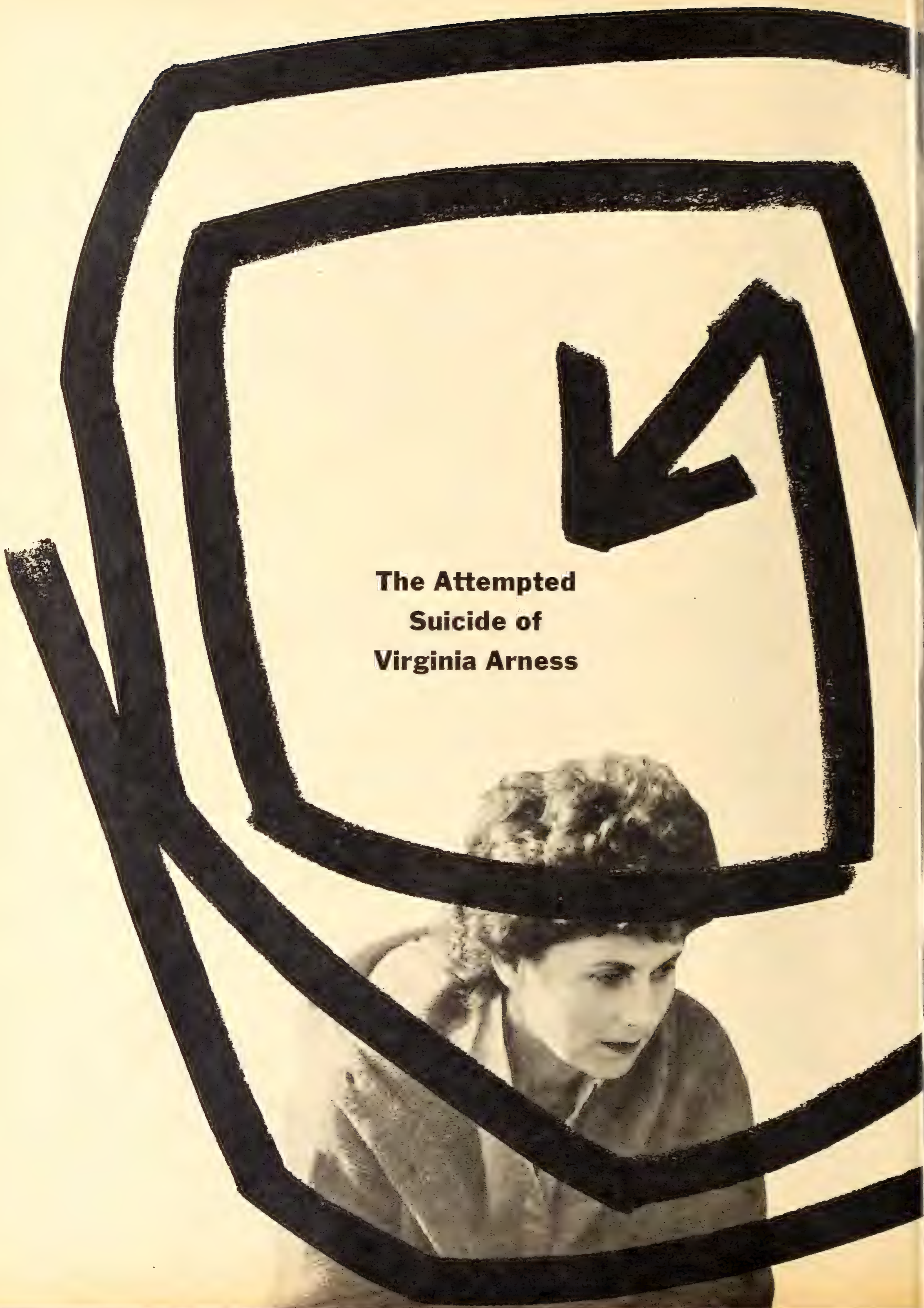
■ Sammy Davis Jr.'s heart wasn't in this cocktail party. He was tired after the long trip from Hollywood to Montreal, tired just thinking about his opening tomorrow night at the Bel Vue Casino, here in the French-Canadian city.

He shook hands with most of the hundred-or-so guests. He laughed at their jokes. Because it was expected of him, he told some jokes of his own.

"I've got to get out of here and grab some shut-eye," he told one of his managers, "or I'm just gonna sit down in that chair over there and this town's gonna know me as Sleepin' Sam."

"Sure, sure, Sammy," the manager said, laughing and taking his arm and leading him through the crowd, to a corner way across the room. "But these kids, they're dying to say hello. Show kids, from some club down the street. And just a few minutes, just

(*Continued on page 60*)



The Attempted Suicide of Virginia Arness

■ "I thought I would die when Jim told me he didn't ever want to come back to me. I *wanted* to die. I could no more live without him than I could live without my right leg.

"I had gone on a trip around the world to forget him. But I couldn't. Wherever I went, I saw Jim's face before me. In Honolulu, on my way home, great, black waves of emptiness overwhelmed me. Years before, Jim and I had been in Honolulu together. I wanted nothing more in the world than to have Jim with me again. Frantic, I called him on the phone. 'Jim,' I said, 'I love you. I can't live without you. Please come back to me.'

"There was a pause. It was agony waiting for him to reply. Finally it came. 'No,' he said, and his voice was like ice. 'No, Virginia, I can't. It's all over.' And he hung up.

"I shivered. In my distraught state I thought, *'There is nothing to live for any longer.'* I was so tired.

The Story of a Hollywood Wife

"I went into the bathroom and took a razor. I lay down in the bathtub and ran the razor over one wrist. There was a terrible sting. Then, with my bloodied hand, I took the razor and slashed my other wrist. I began to black out. I closed my eyes and waited to die."

This is what Jim Arness' wife, Virginia, said. The tragedy of Virginia Arness is the tragedy of a woman who loved her man too much. Divorce is an almost daily occurrence in Hollywood, with heartache its companion. But what would make a woman so despairing on knowing she had lost her husband that she would try to take her life, as Virginia Arness had tried to do? Here is Virginia's own story:

"Jim and I were desperately poor when we got married ten years ago. But we were very much in love, and we were very happy. It was only after Jim had a taste of success as the star of TV's *Gunsmoke* that things began to go very wrong with our marriage. It was when that crazy thing called Hollywood (*Continued on page 68*)



As we go to press, Dick Clark appears to be on the brink of possible trouble. The newspapers are full of the word Payola (trade jargon for bribes). The intimation is that Dick and other deejays might have accepted money or gifts to plug certain records and singers. There are some people around who think Dick is guilty of this charge, and that he has betrayed the teenagers of America. We went to see one of these teenagers—Myrna Horowitz—whom you have undoubtedly seen dancing on The American Bandstand. We wanted to know how Myrna really felt about Dick since the headlines broke...

"Dick Clark I love you—ho



■ Myrna is a Philadelphia girl, seventeen years old. When she was six, she was struck down by polio. It was a serious attack, the worst kind of polio. It left her with a permanent scar—an abnormally-thin left leg, still encased in a large steel brace. For years it left a scar on her heart, too; in her spirit. Myrna felt she was not like other girls. Other girls walked. She limped. Other girls ran. She limped. Other girls played. She limped. In Myrna's own words, "I lived in a kind of shell, I guess, a little lonely, afraid, ill at ease."

And then, one day, she met Dick Clark.

And things began to change for her.

Myrna told us about these changes when we visited her recently in Philadelphia. It was night, a Friday, about 7:30 p.m. We sat on

(*Continued on page 82*)

matter what you've done!"



AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM LOUELLA PARSONS TO ALL DIETING TEENAGE GIRLS

I want to say that if the shocking example of seventeen-year-old Sandra Dee's being rushed to the hospital in an ambulance to have her stomach pumped from an overdose of Epsom Salts (to keep her weight down) isn't a lesson to you girls who go in for 'crash diets'—then go ahead, ruin your health!

Frankly, I'm surprised at Sandra, whom I know and like very much. She's always seemed so level headed. I was aghast when I learned that she had been rushed to the hospital as an emergency case suffering from a dangerous attack of gastritis.

I investigated and found out that Sandra had been taking Epsom Salts over a period of a long time to keep her weight down. And after a particularly large dose brought on unbearable stomach pains, she became frightened, particularly as she also suffers from a chronic inflamed appendix, a condition made dangerous by potent laxative.

How many times is it necessary to say to you dieting youngsters—and to Sandra—that these extremes are not necessary!???? Put yourself in the hands of a reputable doctor who will give you a *sensible* diet.

Far too many of you read of where some glamour girl or social belle has lost 'pounds and pounds' on something silly like eating nothing but boiled chalk or—worse—going with no food at all. Then you go ahead and try to do the same thing.

It's a crime against your good health—and I say *stop it.* Don't be little fools! Without good health—all the fame in the world is worth little. I think Sandra has learned her lesson the hard way. I hope you will be as wise. **END.**

LET SANDRA DEE BE A WARNING!



LITTLE GIRL LOST



At seven Evelyn Rudie
played Eloise on television.
It made her a star.
But at nine
Evelyn stamped her foot,
said, "I'm a has-been and
I won't stand for it,"
broke into her piggie bank
and flew off to see Mamie Eisenhower.
Cute?
Not the story behind it!
We think it's tragic.

■ The most wonderful—and probably the most awful—thing that happened to a little girl with a pixie face, turned-up nose and agile mind was when she became the star of a big *Playhouse 90* spectacular at the age of seven and was—briefly—an acclaimed child star.

When Evelyn Rudie Bernauer—her name shortened to Evelyn Rudie—became *Eloise,* she and her parents thought she was going to be another Shirley Temple. Her whole world began to spin in high-tensioned glamour. She could never ever change into a little girl again. She could never ever become a child whose world revolved around Girl Scouts, dolls and simple birthday parties. She was, at the age of nine, to feel she was a has-been, bored with the ordinary things that give other youngsters a charge, unable to build slowly but (*Continued on page 56*)



The two faces of
TROY DONAHUE

■ "Troy Donahue," said Sandra Dee's mother, "is one of the nicest, best behaved boys in Hollywood. I have complete trust in him. There are few boys I'd rather see take Sandra out than Troy."

"Every time I hear what a nice guy Troy is supposed to be, it makes me burst out laughing," said a former girlfriend of his. "And it's not just because of what happened to me. Since we broke up, he's been going with Nan Morris for two years. (*Continued on page 73*)

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each with a fabulous trip
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4. The 15 grand prizes and 200 second prizes will be awarded on the basis of a drawing by name, under the direction of an authorized handling house whose selections are final. All winners will be notified by mail.

5. Any resident of the Continental United States may enter except employees of Kimberly-Clark Corporation, their advertising agencies and immediate families, residents of Florida, Nebraska, New Jersey, and other areas where prohibited.

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New Kotex napkins—choice of most women



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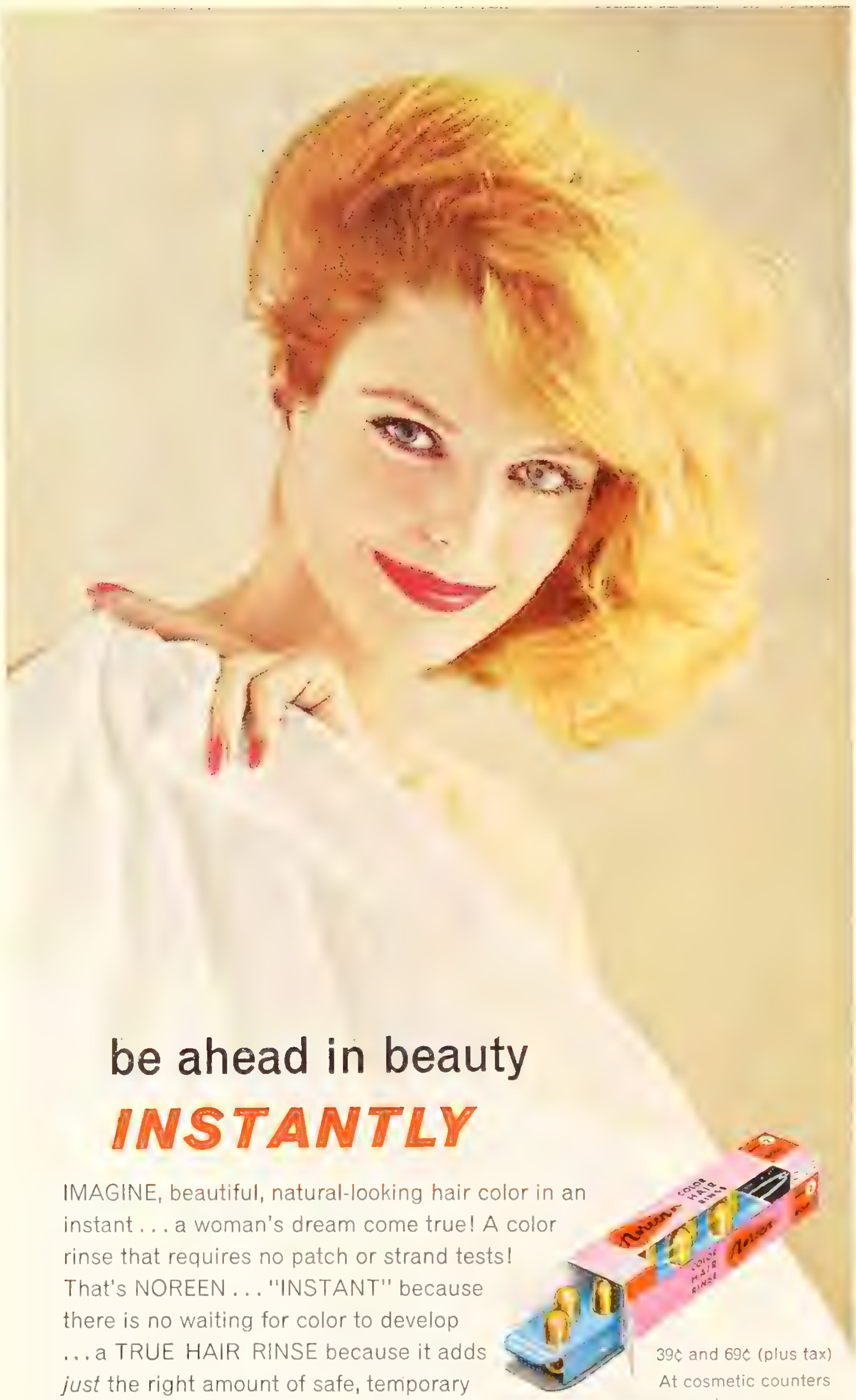
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The nation's foremost nose is going to the nation's foremost museum.

What more fitting subject for a monument than Jimmy Durante's nose, and what more fitting place for such a monumental nose than the Smithsonian Institution?

The make-up men at NBC took a mold of Jimmy's nose with a liquid rubber material. They then made a cast of synthetic stone, which later will be covered with bronze spray and when dry will be mounted on a bronze plaque.

The stone nose, standing by itself, looked about twice the size of the original.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Durante, "is it really that big?"

The old schnozzola, measured for the first time during the molding operation, is 77 millimeters, or a little more than three inches from the superior (top) to the inferior (bottom). It is nearly four inches from one nostril to the other, going across the bridge.

Although Durante had little to say during the whole operation, he is, nevertheless, very proud to think that his nose, of all the noses in the nation, will be sitting there among all those famous heads in the Institute.

Said Durante:

"It'll overshadow everything else in the joint."

"FOREVER A NOSE"



Debbie

(*Continued from page 25*)

made together," Debbie Reynolds told me, "and all this talk that I am in love with him—or he is in love with me—is just plain *stupid.*

"*I, better than anyone else, know what it means to have another woman break up a marriage.*

"Do you for one minute think that I would be secretly seeing Glenn while he is having trouble with Eleanor Powell? I know him very well professionally and I know her scarcely at all. But even though Glenn and I are friends, my only contact with him has been as co-star of the movies we were making. I like Glenn very much. He is very pleasant to work with and a very good actor.

"But as for a hidden romance—well, that just isn't my code of behavior."

Enough men around

She went on, the words spilling out on top of each other in her indignation, "I won't even see Harry Karl until he is divorced, although I did see him before he married Joan Cohn. There are enough men around without dating some other woman's husband!"

I hadn't interrupted Debbie during this hurling down of the gauntlet because it would have taken a combination of an earthquake and a baby typhoon to interrupt Debbie at this moment. She was angry and she was disgusted.

Debbie and I were lunching at Romanoff's this particular Saturday—Saturday being a 'day off' for both of us. As usual these days, Debbie looked very chic in a bright blue suit she had bought in Spain, a tiny matching hat and veil, and shorty white gloves—the whole fashion bit! Believe me, this gal has come a long way from her pigtails and blue-denim days. But the subject of clothes was *not* on her mind.

Just that morning, before we met at noon, she had read a story in another fan magazine with the startling title, DEBBIE REYNOLDS WILL MARRY GLENN FORD. Wowie!

Even before we ordered, Debbie was off and running. She said, "The person who wrote it must have been out of his mind. The whole thing is sheer insanity. How dare they print such complete falsehoods!"

And then she went on to tell me heatedly the comments which lead off this story. In fact, she was in such a huff and a puff both the waiter and I wondered when she would give her order. And as so much emotion is hardly conducive to digestion, I suggested we get on with our diet meal—and change the topic, at least temporarily.

That wasn't hard to do because Debbie had just signed a contract for a *million dollars* for a series of TV spectaculars and if it hadn't been for that distressing fan magazine story, she would have been jubilant. In fact, she *was* jubilant.

I couldn't help wondering if the fact that Elizabeth Taylor had just made public that she is to receive a million dollars for making *Cleopatra* didn't add to Debbie's delight in grabbing off a million for herself?

Isn't it the irony of fate that the two feminine angles of the most publicized Hollywood triangle in years are in line for a million dollars apiece—everybody but Eddie? Oh, well—he still has time. He's never looked, or sung, better.

Now that she was in a financial mood Debbie told me, "I get $300,000 and five percent for each of my four TV shows. It's the most money I've ever earned," she smiled happily. "It means so much security for Carrie Frances and Todd," she added.

"I'm really a completely happy woman now," she said with sincerity. "I have my children, and my work, and my health and I manage to have a good time, too."

I laughed, "*That* I'll not deny! How you've changed from that stay-at-home girl you used to be."

Then she said something rather surprising. "Perhaps the change isn't as deep as you think—except outwardly."

And I knew what she meant. I think in the beginning, after the first blow, when Eddie Fisher came out and said he did not love her, that he loved Elizabeth Taylor, Debbie went all out to prove she wasn't as badly hurt as all of us who love her *knew* her to be.

Laughter a little too forced

Perhaps, in her confusion and hurt, Debbie went overboard. One day when I went out to MGM to visit her on the set of *It Started With A Kiss,* I'll admit I was a bit surprised at the way Debbie was clowning around.

Between rehearsals she was putting on the hat of director George Marshall and doing tap dance steps. She was kidding with everyone and cracking jokes. And her laughter seemed to be a little too loud and a little too forced.

Nor did she seem to mind the splash of publicity she rated when, on a visit to New York, Bob Neal gifted her with a diamond pin.

More recently she surprised her fans, including TV star Jack Paar and th's viewer, by pulling Jack's coat off, making him dance with her and generally staging something of a roughhouse.

When I spoke with her about this later Debbie was a bit sheepish. She said, "Oh, Jack told me not to be stuffy or straightlaced, to let myself go and clown it up a bit. I'm sorry if it was misunderstood."

No one knows better than I that at heart Debbie is not an exhibitionist—it is not in her nature.

Actually she is a shy and retiring girl except when before the camera—or perhaps putting on a show when the Thalians whoop it up for her favorite charity (mentally disturbed children and the new clinic being built for their treatment at Mt. Sinai Hospital).

But when a girl is as bitterly hurt as Debbie was—it's easy to understand how she would not want the world to know how deep the wound went and to keep up a big front.

Now that the big hurt is all gone—at least that is what the lady says, I doubt if we'll get much more of this play acting (for that's just what it is) from Debbie.

The men in her life

Getting back to the men in her life, I said, "Well, if Glenn isn't the one—and I believe you—who is?"

Debbie sighed over her Sanka, then laughed. "We've been over this so often it's beginning to sound like a record. You know better than anyone the way I feel. I don't plan to marry anyone I know now. But I won't say I'll never marry. Being happy in marriage is the only completely happy life for a woman—and that goes for a movie star."

I said, "I think Bob Neal, that rich young Texan, would marry you in a minute if you would say yes." I looked at that famed diamond pin of his glittering on her lapel. "He showers you with gifts and whenever his sister and her husband come to town—you are the only girl he invites out."

Debbie nodded. "I've said so many times how much I appreciate Bob's friendship. He is one of the most thoughtful men I know. When I was in New York he went out of his way to get good tickets to shows I hadn't seen. And when he drove me to



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the airport, just before I got on the plane—he put a jewelry box in my hand. Told me not to open it until I got on the plane. It was this beautiful pin. What girl wouldn't be pleased with this kind of attention?"

If you ask me, as much as she likes Bob—I don't think Debbie is one little bit in love with him. In Hollywood, it is never safe to venture a guess (look at all the 'smart' guys who would have bet their shirts that Bing Crosby and Kathy Grant would never marry) *but* I'm willing to bet my bankroll that Debbie and Bob will never marry.

I'll make the same flat statement about wealthy Harry Karl, even if Debbie does start dating him again after he is divorced from Joan (Mrs. Harry) Cohn to whom he stayed married a brief twenty-five days! Both of these gentlemen, the younger Bob and the more mature Harry, come under the heading of playboys, whether they like the label or not. Another strike against them, they are not actually of Debbie's world—show business.

It doesn't take an oracle to predict that with her career at its very height, where she can command and get $1,000,000 for her services, her work will become more and more important to Debbie. And show people talk a language of their own.

When I had talked with her several months previous to our luncheon date Debbie had told me frankly, "Despite the way things turned out for us, Eddie and I shared years of real happiness and contentment. I was so proud of him when he began to soar to the top and was in such demand for TV and nightclubs."

And, when and if, she marries again, my money says Debbie will be looking for exactly this kind of happiness. Someone of her own world, in her line of work, has the best chance of winning her hand.

"When I think of marriage again—it will be different from the first time," she said seriously. "Then there was just Eddie and me. Now there are my children.

"Every man I am ever serious about again I shall judge by just one consideration: will he be patient and loving and kind to my Carrie Frances—who is still so little, just going on three, and to Todd who hasn't yet reached his second birthday." She laughed, "It's a case of—love me, love my kids."

I had just one more question to pop to Missy Reynolds before we called for the check for our luncheon.

"Debbie," I asked, "when and after Glenn is divorced and he is a free man would you accept some dates with him?"

She gave me a sharp little sidelong glance. "That's not a fair question," she laughed. "He can't possibly be free for a year—California law, you know. Who knows what a year will bring?"

It will bring a lot of success and money to Debbie Reynolds, that's for sure. Will it also bring a new love? That's the question **END**

Debbie stars in THE GAZEBO, *MGM, and* THE RAT RACE, *Paramount. Glenn also stars in* THE GAZEBO, and CIMARRON, *MGM.*

At 16 I Know I'll Never Have a Husband or Children

(Continued from page 23)

ultimate," she said, "the absolute ultimate."

"Lots of women'll agree with you on that," said Marsha.

"Who *is* he?" Tuesday asked. "I mean, he's got me all with a pepped-up heart and everything already."

Marsha gave her a quick run-down on the tall, rugged-looking, strangely-attractive actor. John Ireland, she said, had the reputation of being (one) a hyper-individualist and (two) a ladies' man. Regarding the former, Marsha said: "He's a free-thinking, free-talking guy, very salty, very sophisticated, very wild, who does exactly what he pleases, when he pleases." Regarding the ladies—"He's been married twice," Marsha said. "But there've been lots of other loves. Just last year it was Kim Novak. They were crazy about each other. But her studio didn't like it and one day—he was visiting her on the set, you see, and he'd been warned to keep away—and on this particular day two men actually picked him up from under the armpits and threw him out, right onto the sidewalk on Gower Street. John got up and said, 'No woman is worth this.' And that was the end of that love affair."

Tuesday giggled.

"He sounds wonderful," she said.

Marsha nodded. "He is," she said. "Also—I forgot to tell you—he's forty-five years old."

"Oh yes?" Tuesday said, looking away from her friend and back at the action on the set. . . .

To the bitter end

It was two hours later—about 7:00 p.m.—when he came walking over to where she was standing.

"You still here?" John asked.

"Yes," Tuesday said. "Marsha had an appointment and had to go. But I—I felt like staying, to the bitter end."

"We're going to be shooting till midnight," John said.

"That's good," said Tuesday. "I mean, midnight would be the perfect time for us to meet—really meet—alone."

"What?" John asked.

"Would you come home with me after you're finished?" Tuesday asked. "I'd like to be with you. To talk to you . . . You see, you fascinate me. And I hear we're quite kindred in spirit—just like one another."

John cleared his throat.

"How old are you, Tuesday?" he asked.

"Fifteen," she said. "—Sixteen in August."

"Do you know," John said, "that I have a son—let's see—six months older than you."

"Well, how about that!" Tuesday said. Then: "Will you come?"

John looked at her, incredulously, for a moment.

The next moment, he was laughing.

"You're quite a little character," he said.

"I guess I am," Tuesday said, not laughing. "But at least I'm an honest one."

Then she asked again:

"Will you come? I'd like you to come home with me, for just a little while, tonight."

John found himself nodding.

"Yes, I'll come," he said. . . .

"My own place"

"I can scream, play hi-fi as loud as I want, do anything. It's the first time I've had my own place," Tuesday said as she showed John around the new Hollywood Hills apartment. "It's a divine feeling."

"You live alone?" John asked.

"Practically," Tuesday said. "That is, my mother has an apartment upstairs. But she lets this be *my* place. . . . And we get along better this way. We usually get along okay. But we fight sometimes about some of the boys I date, my smoking . . . things."

She walked over to a small bar to pour John a drink.

John, meanwhile, sat on a long couch and picked up a scrap-book from the coffee table in front of him.

It was titled *Me!* and was crammed with newspaper and magazine articles on Tuesday, all written since her arrival in Hollywood only a few months earlier.

John was scanning the fourth or fifth article when Tuesday walked over to him, handed him his drink and sat alongside him.

She looked down at the book and pointed to a line that read: *Says director Rod Amateau—Tuesday Weld has been around for centuries. That's why she knows so much. She cut Samson's hair and kept running.*

She smiled. "That's cute," she said, "isn't it?"

"Yeah, sure is," said John, taking a swallow from his drink. Tuesday reached over and took the book from him and turned the page.

"I think this is cute, too," she said, pointing to something else. She read aloud: "*'I know it looks like I bite my fingernails,' says Tuesday Weld. 'But it's not true. Actually, I have someone come in and bite them for me.'*"

"Did you actually say that, all by yourself?" John asked.

"Yes, I did," Tuesday said.

John began to laugh.

Tuesday looked at him, quizzically.

"Are you teasing me?" she asked.

"A little," said John. "Now let's get back to this publicity folder of yours. . . . What else do you think is cute?"

"Well," said Tuesday, turning another page, "this, what Sheilah Graham wrote: *Tuesday has a Saturday sophistication.* I like that."

She turned still another page.

"But this," she said, "*She's a combination of Shirley Temple and Jezebel*—I don't care much for *that.*"

She turned more pages, continuing to read aloud from here and there and smiling as she did:

"*'I hate clothes,' Tuesday Weld will tell you. 'I'd never wear underwear if I didn't have to—and sometimes I don't.'*

"*'I'm a kleptomaniac. I like to take things—not big things, little things.'*

"*'I've been dating since I was twelve. Now that I'm fifteen, I guess I know a lot more about men and boys than most girls my age.'*

"*Quoth the wild Miss Weld: 'I haven't read "Lolita" yet. But everyone keeps mentioning her to me.'*

"*'I'm part little girl—bigger part woman.'*

"*'Everybody's trying to make me dignified—and I'm rebelling. My motto is: Obey your impulses!'*"

A nice sip of scotch

She looked up from the scrap-book and over at John.

"My impulse right now," she said, "is to have a nice sip of your Scotch."

John shifted the glass he was holding into his other hand, away from her.

"No, ma'am," he said.

"Why not?" Tuesday asked.

"Because you're a child," John said. "And children don't drink Scotch."

"A child?" Tuesday asked, the smile that had been on her face disappearing. "A *child?*"

John nodded, and shrugged.

Tuesday reached forward onto the table and lifted a cigarette from a box that sat there, and lit it and took a long drag.

"I am *not* a child. I am not normal, my life has not been like that of the average girl," she said then, her voice even, almost hard. "It so happens that I've known mature responsibilities since I was a child of three, when I started modeling. . . . That's right, at *three*."

She took another drag on the cigarette.

Her face began to flush.

"Whoa," John said. "Take it easy."

"I began modeling at three," Tuesday said, "because we needed the money. Because my father was dead and my mother had three children to bring up and because we never knew from one month to another if we could even pay the rent on that stinking cold water flat we had to live in. So I was pretty and I went to work. At three. And that's the way it's been ever since. Working. Working. Getting up for assignments at seven, growing up at ten, eleven—"

She stopped and shook her head.

She looked as if she might begin to cry, suddenly.

"My life has never been like the average girl's," she whispered. "And I am not a child."

John sat for a moment, staring at her.

He put his hand on her shoulder.

And then he removed it and he put down his half-empty glass and he rose.

"I've got to go now, Tuesday," he said, gently. "It's getting late."

"Yes, I guess it is," Tuesday said, rising too.

She tried to smile again.

"I hope I haven't ruined your evening," she said. "I get like this every once in a while. . . . I'm sorry."

"You haven't ruined anything," said John.

Tuesday walked him to the door.

"Will I see you again, John?" she asked, as he was about to leave.

"I don't think so," said John.

"Whatever you say," Tuesday told him. . . .

Some sort of spell

"He phoned her two days later," says a friend of John's. "It was as if Tuesday had cast some sort of spell on him, and he hadn't been able to shake it. Anyway, he phoned and she invited him over to dinner—chili con carne and salad—and they spent the rest of the evening sitting out in the garden, talking.

"The next day, John told me: 'It's unbelievable. This girl is so sharp, so brilliant. I think she's the most fascinating person in Hollywood today. She loves life, and she has the guts to be herself. She's lots brighter than lots of women I know two and three times her age.'

"It was obvious to anyone who ever saw them together that Tuesday was wild about John. I, for one, think that by the time summer came around (Tuesday was sixteen by now), John was in love with her, too.

"Their fling was a surprisingly secret thing for a while. Actually *quiet* might be a better word. Except for a few friends and the inevitable under-the-counter gossip set who find out *all*, there were relatively few people who knew what was going on between them. During this period, Tuesday and John were two supremely happy people.

"For Tuesday, the girl who had loved to brag about her early dating, her constant dating, this was the first real romance of her life. She convinced herself that it would be first, last and forever. She idol-

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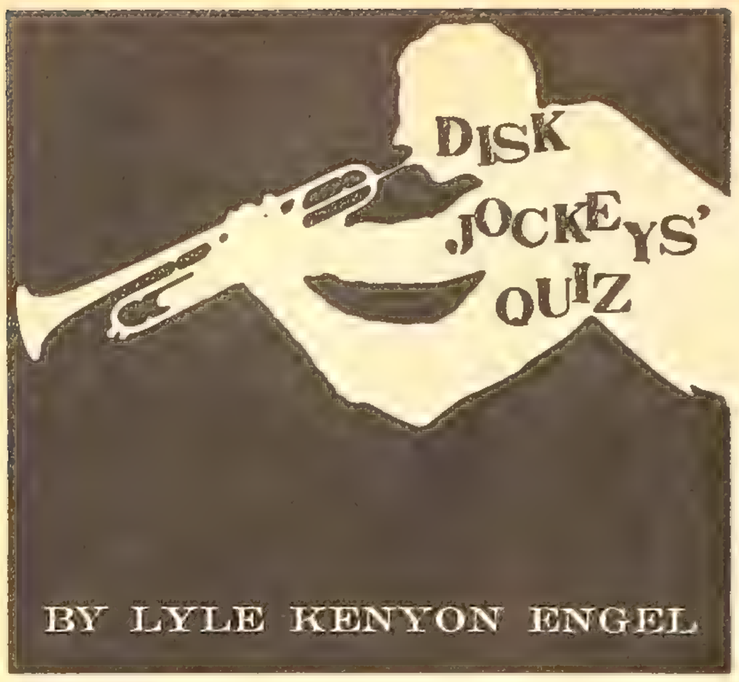
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Charlie Murdock, Station WQAM, Miami, Fla.

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. *Her real name is Clara Ann Fowler. She was born in Oklahoma, sang on local radio, became a top band singer. Biggest novelty was* Doggie In The Window. *Her latest record is* Goodbye Charlie *on Mercury.*

2. *His second name is also the name of a car. He's 18, was born in Houston, Tex., has leading role in the film* Take a Giant Step. *One of his singles was* But Not for Me.

3. *He is the son of a Baptist Minister. There is royalty in his name. He has recorded for Capitol Records for 17 years, with hit records on every type song. His new record album is spirituals.*



Tom Donahue, Station WIBG, Philadelphia, Pa.

4. *This trio is composed of 19-year-olds, boy-girl-boy. They met at a party, sang together for the first time; then formed the trio. A hit single was* Come Softly To Me. *Their latest is* Mr. Blue.



Dick DeFreitas, Station WMGM, New York, N. Y.

5. *His home town is Philadelphia. He started his career with Art Mooney as a vocalist and then became a winner on the Arthur Godfrey Show. His two big record hits were* Here In My Heart *and* I Can't Get You Out of My Heart.

6. *He's a movie star. His real name is Arthur Gelien and his musical interest is Jazz. His first record release became a million-record seller. The record was* Young Love.



Buddy Deane, Station WJZ-TV, Baltimore, Md.

7. *She collects stuffed animals. Her career started as a child TV singer. Accordion and piano are her favorite instruments. She's also a songwriter and is one of our current top vocalists. One of her hits was* Lipstick On Your Collar.



Paul Brenner, Station WNTA, Newark, N. J.

1. *Patti Page*
2. *Johnny Nash*
3. *Nat "King" Cole*
4. *The Fleetwoods*
5. *Al Martino*
6. *Tab Hunter*
7. *Connie Francis*

ized John—his looks, his brain, his spirit. My thought is that in John she had found not only the one man in the world with all the strong physical attractions and the powerful individual personality that she could so easily fall in love with—but that she had found, too, unconsciously, the father who had been taken from her as a child, whom she'd always been seeking.

"As for John during this period, well, he was having fun again, for the first time in a long time. Career-wise, finance-wise, things hadn't been going too well for him these past few years, and he'd been depressed. Now, in Tuesday, he'd found a girl who could stimulate him, cheer him up. She was, very often, full of mischief, full of kooky ideas—and John went along with them, happily. He learned how it felt to really laugh again. He began to get the same kick out of life that he'd thought had gone from it, for good. For this reason alone, an observer could see how he might easily have fallen in love with Tuesday.

Interestingly, Tuesday's mother, Mrs. Aileen Weld, was fully aware of what was going on between her daughter and John, and she gave her unqualified approval.

"John's very protective," she said. "He's the kind of a man a young girl like Tuesday can look up to. He's enough like her so that she can feel as though he's one of her own—yet he's old enough to know how to handle her."

And so it went, all happy and well for all concerned, right through the spring and summer of last year.

Swipes at Tuesday

But then, in September, the whole thing was ended suddenly—by John.

"He did it to protect Tuesday," says one friend. "You can't keep a relationship like theirs under wraps forever—and gradually word of them began to get into the papers. The writers all seemed to think that John's position was 'amusing,' but they all took swipes at Tuesday. (A typical bit of reportage: *Tuesday Weld is becoming a name in the American Cinema. She seems to have everything it takes to make it big on modern Hollywood standards—good drinker, lives it up and is only sixteen. Now if the kid can only get in a real good scandal, she'll be one of our great stars.*) John didn't want to see her career wrecked. He knew how basically important it was to her, this girl who'd known little else but work since the time she was a baby. So he decided to get out of her life—pronto."

"It dawned on John one day," says another friend, "that much as he loved Tuesday, the thirty-year difference in their ages was too great a difference. There was a time he'd talked of marrying the girl, the hell what anybody might say.

"But now he realized that it probably wouldn't be that easy in the long run—for either of them."

Some people insist that John didn't eve say good-bye to Tuesday.

Others will tell you that he phonec started to tell her that he'd decided to g to Europe—immediately, and that he hun up on her when she started to cry an plead with him to let her see him again.

At any rate, he left.

And everyone waited to see how Tues day would take the shock of his leaving. . .

That television interview

It was two nights later when, a fev minutes before program time, she showec up at the television studio.

Paul Coates, the interviewer, looked a her once, and then again.

The girl was barefoot, her hair was uncombed, she wore a low-cut dress tha has since been described as a "burlap nightie"; she appeared to be lost, as if in a trance of some kind.

"Miss Weld?" Coates asked.

"Yes," said Tuesday.

"Is this a joke?" asked Coates.

"What do you mean?" Tuesday asked.

"Do you always dress this way for TV appearances?"

Tuesday shook her head, slowly. "No," she said. "I was home. It got late. This is what I was wearing. This is the way I decided to come . . . You look upset. You are. I hope it's not my fault. . . ."

On the air, a little while later, Tuesday upset Coates even more.

She stuck a piece of hard candy in her mouth as the program began, and she sucked on it throughout.

She fiddled endlessly with the straps and hem of her dress.

She spoke softly, mumbled her answers and, more than once she took up to a full minute to decide that "I really didn't understand that question."

At one point, when Tuesday *did* understand the question, the dialogue went like this:

COATES—"Would you ever like to settle down and get married?"

TUESDAY—"No."

COATES—"Why not? Don't you want to have children someday?"

TUESDAY—"Huh-uh. I don't want kids. I don't like them. Not me."

And Tuesday began to smile strangely . . . for deep in her heart she knew she was telling the truth, that somewhere along the line something had happened to her that had destroyed the basic instinct of womanhood for a mate and children. She knew, in her heart, that whatever else—whatever kicks were in store for her—she would always remain unfulfilled. . . .

END

Tuesday's seen in BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG, *Columbia, and* THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE, *U-I.*

Little Girl Lost

(*Continued from page 49*)

firmly to a secure, normal future like other children.

Her parents believe that Evelyn may have been born with some magic about her. Her parents are Edith and Emery Bernauer, and Evelyn was born twenty-four years after they were married. At first it was probably a shock to the middle-aged couple to learn they were going to have their first baby. Then they remembered that very often 'change of life' babies are supposed to be set apart from other babies. These babies were often more beautiful, more brilliant (even with a touch of genius) than other babies. Special, indeed.

Their little baby arrived and she was everything they'd dreamed of. Evelyn was always very bright, very precocious. She did everything faster and better than other babies. She walked sooner, talked sooner, and raised in the completely adult world of two older and rather intellectual parents, she had a chance to develop this precociousness. Also, she was thoroughly worshiped by her parents. Their lives now revolved around her.

Emery Bernauer's father, Rudolf (from whom Evelyn got her name), was a big theater owner, had been a writer of stage hits, among them the librettos of *The Chocolate Soldier* and *May Time*. Emery Bernauer was a writer, producer and director of musical shows in Europe. An uncle of Evelyn's is Desmond Leslie, a

British novelist. The woman who became Evelyn's godmother is Fay Wall, once a child actress herself, who had been a movie actress in Germany.

In Hollywood, Emery Bernauer continued to write, but had not been anywhere near the success he was in Germany.

Evelyn's early years

At a very early age, Evelyn was given dancing lessons, dramatic lessons, singing lessons, attended Shakespeare classes (called the Strolling Players) and ice skating lessons. She performed all the time—an elfin, graceful little child who loved to mimic and act, and whose every move was noticed and doted upon by her parents. Her parents enjoyed having Evelyn show off for everyone. "She was always a ham," they recall lovingly. When she was four years old, her ice skating club was supposed to put on a show in Pershing Square, downtown Los Angeles, for a convention. When Evelyn showed up, with her parents, it was discovered that not one of the other kids in the club was there. Some had stage fright, some had runny noses, some were not allowed to perform by their parents. But Evelyn was all dressed up in a short, red velvet skirt, white angora sweater, looking like a doll. All the people were waiting for the ice show. This possibility might have frightened any other four-year-old. Not Evelyn. She got out on the ice as the solo performer and performed for one and one half hours. She spun and spiralled and threw kisses to the crowd. She'd come off the ice for a moment, tell her parents cagily, "That man over there is not laughing, Mommy. I'll make him laugh. I've got to get them all to watch me." And she went out again, blew kisses to the man, had him laughing and applauding and she was happy.

"That showed me," says her father, "that she sure had that theatrical something."

Shortly afterwards Emery Bernauer's brother-in-law, Desmond Leslie, came in from London. Little Evelyn showed off for him and he was entranced. Leslie was invited to the home of Henry Koster, a friend of his who is a big director here, and he asked the Bernauers if he could take Evelyn. They said yes.

When Evelyn was at Koster's house, knowing he was a director, she put on a show for him. She was adorable and entrancing and all that, and Koster turned to Leslie and said. "This kid has to be in the movies." He asked Evelyn if she'd like to be in pictures, and Evelyn replied, "More than anything else in the world, Mr. Koster. If it's all right with my daddy." It was, of course, perfectly all right with Daddy, and with Mommy, too, who were enraptured with the thought of Evelyn being in pictures.

Through Koster, Evelyn got an audition at 20th Century-Fox, where they were looking for a child to play Leslie Caron as a child in the picture *Daddy Long Legs*. Her parents brought Evelyn, all dressed up, to Fox. Evelyn went into her performances. She also bears a remarkable resemblance to Leslie Caron, same tiny nose, same pouting lips, same petite figure. They signed Evelyn for the part, then later changed the script so that there was no child in the picture. Evelyn was very put out at not doing the part, but the producer put Evelyn in the picture anyway, as one of the children in it. Evelyn sang a song with Leslie Caron and she floated for days.

The movie bug

This gave Evelyn the bug. The child was terribly movie-struck! Her parents were also movie-struck. They remember that people on the set said of Evelyn, "She's a real trouper. The kid is talented; she's a mimic and a quick study."

The Bernauers took Evelyn's acting job seriously. They saw that Evelyn was all wrapped up in acting, and they encouraged her. The mother took Evelyn aside once and told her something like this: "You have talent and you can be in the wonderful world of the theater. Show business is a profession. If your talent is to act, you are blessed with a special magic. It is the greatest thing. Show business can be your life."

Her mother began to take Evelyn around to the studios. The child had made a hit at 20th, she did show genuine ability as an actress, and she had a terrific love of acting. Never at any time did Evelyn go to a professional school—she always attended the Gardner Street School in Hollywood, a public school: when she was working she'd have a tutor on the set. Then she'd return to the school.

The kids there have known she's an actress—later, when she became *Eloise*, she was known as Eloise. Some of the kids there, she said, were jealous of her. They didn't all like her. She never had a chance to join the Girl Scouts in school. She didn't join the usual class clubs, she was always too busy with dancing, singing, dramatic lessons, and going to the studios. School work was easy for her, she got good marks, but her mind was always far away from the classrooms, always at the studios.

Getting back to her career: her mother was always taking her around when she'd hear of a studio that wanted a child actress. Fay Wall would coach Evelyn. Although she had some girlfriends in school, she felt most at home with her parents, with Fay Wall, with the adults she met at the studios. Once she invited fifty-five children to her house for her eighth birth-



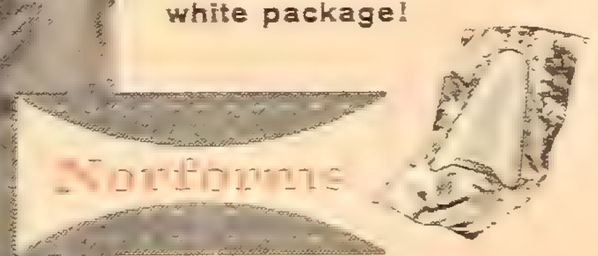
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day party. A lot of kids—most mothers would have objected—but Mrs. Bernauer likes to give in to Evelyn on everything. When the kids were there, Evelyn assembled them all together and put on a show for them. They were her friends but they were her audience. That's the way she regarded most kids.

Evelyn was asked to appear in Hollywood parades with all their hoopla. More and more she craved the glamour and excitement of Hollywood; school work was simple and unexciting.

Fame approached

Then came her greatest opportunity. Kay Thompson's famous *Eloise* was going to go on *Playhouse 90*. This was two years ago and the biggest acting plum of all for a child. Eloise—the precocious, sophisticated youngster who lived in New York's elegant Plaza Hotel—had become a big hit in book form and in recordings. She was an unusual type of child; not a pretty Shirley Temple child but, well, *Eloise*. It was going on TV as a spectacular. A big cast lined up—Ethel Barrymore, Monte Wooley. The search went on for *Eloise*. Evelyn's parents submitted Evelyn's photo. The NBC studios and Kay Thompson auditioned two hundred kids. Evelyn's father told me, "Evelyn wanted the part very much. She's a real pro. It meant everything to her. When she's waiting for a role, she gets nervous. She starts combing her hair, getting jumpy. She has to be working to be happy."

Kay Thompson saw Evelyn's picture, said, "Well, this one looks like Eloise." Kay went to the Bernauers' home in Hollywood and met Evelyn. The parents played a recording of Evelyn's on tape for Kay to hear. It was a Shakespeare reading in Evelyn's childish voice, but it indicated talent. Kay was impressed. Noticing how the parents hovered over the child, Kay wanted to be alone with Evelyn. She asked if she could take her for the day, to get acquainted with her. The Bernauers beamed. Kay and Evelyn went off. When Kay came back she said, "This is a delightful child. We had a wonderful time together." The Bernauers knew that Evelyn was going to be *Eloise*.

They were right. Shortly afterwards, the studio called and told them that they wanted to sign Evelyn for the role.

Evelyn was thrilled. She worked with a coach extensively. It was a difficult role for a child to do. Eloise was the whole show; she was in every minute of the story. It was *live* television—something that makes experienced actors crack. It was ninety minutes. And she was in big-time company—Barrymore, Wooley, etc. And Eloise, by this time, had become such a well-known figure to America, that the child who played her just had to be perfect. Some forty million people were going to watch it.

Evelyn wasn't frightened. She began to live the part. Never did a child love show business and love the experience of getting up and performing as much as she did. And this was a tough job, for Kay Thompson had made many stipulations of her own. At first, Evelyn was supposed to only *act* out Eloise, with Kay doing the talking for Eloise. This was what Kay wanted, and since this was Kay's property the studio had to adhere to this. It was very difficult for Evelyn to *act* Eloise and mouth the lines, while Kay's voice was dubbed in. It was an ordeal. But she did it. Then, three days before the show was to go on, the director, John Frankenheimer, called Evelyn's father, late at night, and said, "We're going to do the whole show with Evelyn speaking the lines, instead of Miss Thompson speaking the lines. This doesn't give Evelyn much time to learn the lines. Do you think she will do it?"

The father said, "You ask Evelyn. She is a real performer. If you ask her to do it, she will. It will be an even greater challenge to her."

Praise for everyone

Next morning, Frankenheimer asked Evelyn if she was willing to take on the job of learning all the lines in three days. Evelyn said, "Why, sure." She was thrilled with it. She got up and spoke all the lines in the whole play. People watching her were dumbfounded. Ethel Barrymore said, "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it. This child is the greatest find."

Another big shot on the set watching said, "Now, we've just seen another littl Mozart. I've never seen an actor do wha this child did."

Evelyn was a hit as *Eloise*. She wa raved about, written about, interviewed cuddled, chin-chucked, adored. There wer *Eloise* dolls, *Eloise* make-up kits, *Eloise* dresses. (Incidentally, none of this money went to Evelyn—but to Kay. But Evelyn was so closely identified with *Eloise*, tha she revelled in the fact that her name wa becoming a household word.) All sorts o wonderful, beautiful, fairy-tale thing were happening to Evelyn Rudie. She was a real, honest-to-goodness child star of first magnitude. It was like the days of Shirley Temple.

Fan clubs sprang up in her name. Proudly she signed her name to thousands and thousands of cards and letters to her fans When she walked down the streets—"particularly in New York," she recalls with glistening eyes—she was recognized. Fans —adults as well as kids—surrounded her. swarmed around her; yelled after her. It might have been inconvenient to be stared at, called at and mobbed, but Evelyn absolutely gloried in it. So did her parents. This was what they had dreamed of. She received an Emmy nomination. She was being referred to as the "most important child star since Shirley Temple."

She was sent to New York on four occasions in connection with *Eloise*. She stayed at the Plaza Hotel—the swank hotel where the fictional Eloise resided—and all without charge. The Plaza was very delighted to have her. *Delighted*—they absolutely kow-towed to her! As she says, "Once they gave me their Presidential Suite, the second time the Royal Suite, and once they even gave me the Bridal Suite. It was wonderful. They treated me like royalty."

Evelyn also remembers that she and her mother used to eat in the Plaza Hotel dining room, and everyone would come to her table—and how once there were so many people crowding around her that she couldn't even eat her lamb chop. "I just didn't eat at all that day because of the people crowding around. But I loved it. I wasn't one bit angry with them. I'd do without food any day to have fans recognize me," she said.

Child star

After *Eloise*, Evelyn was still going around with the giddy sensation of being a child star. She appeared as guest on *The Dinah Shore Show, The George Gobel Show, The Red Skelton Show,* on *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, on *Omnibus*. She worked hard, but as she said then, "I want to breathe the air of the studios." She'd come to life when she set foot inside the studio. She worked hard—but where most people lose weight when working hard, Eloise would eat twice as much when she worked. The child was absolutely exhilarated when working. She had to stay out of regular school, but never for one minute did she miss the normal activities of the kids in school. She was a child star. Everyone felt it was exactly what had been foreordained for her.

She had a co-starring role at 20th in a picture called *The Gift of Love*. Her co-stars were Lauren Bacall and Robert Stack. But, although she did a good job, the picture laid an egg.

While Evelyn and her parents felt that she might be going along on this big surge of *Eloise* popularity and be another Shirley Temple, what had actually happened was that Evelyn's advent into pictures happened at a different time in Hollywood's history than Shirley Temple's had. When Shirley was a child star, it was the thing then for studios to sign up large numbers of actors to long-time contracts. When Evelyn made her big splash, studios were

reluctant to offer long contracts. "Ten years ago," Mrs. Bernauer explained sadly, "the studios would have given a child like Evelyn a contract. Today, they don't." So, where Shirley Temple had a long-term contract and a studio that was anxious to put her in one picture after another, and where Shirley had the rights and royalties to all the Shirley Temple products, the case was different with Evelyn. She didn't have a long-term contract—she had to get one role after another by herself. She didn't get any money from the sale of the Eloise products, because she was, actually, Evelyn Rudie and not Eloise, and Miss Kay Thompson was getting the money.

And since she had no contract, there was no particular studio who felt they just had to get a story property for this bright, precocious little moppet. And TV was suddenly going Western. And a pilot that Evelyn had made hadn't sold. And for nine months, Evelyn didn't do any work.

No longer were stacks of fan mail pouring in at the frame house on Hollywood Boulevard where they lived. No longer were fantastic invitations coming to her—invitations that no other child, no other child but a child *star*, would dream of receiving. Like the time, two years ago, when she had been invited to the White House and had met Mamie Eisenhower. Evelyn had made a Savings Bond short film and was invited on a tour of Washington, and had been invited inside the White House. She had walked right into the White House (other kids her age *read* about the White House, but she was actually *inside* it), and she had met Mamie Eisenhower. Mrs. Eisenhower had been so warm and friendly. She had told her that she and her grandchildren had enjoyed Evelyn in *Eloise* on TV.

She became listless at home. "I want to act again," she told her parents. Her parents were helpless. They begged Evelyn's agent to find her a job. The agent told them that Evelyn had a certain salary level that she had to stick to, and they couldn't help it if there just were no calls at this time for a child actress of Evelyn's fame and salary stature. Evelyn missed the thrills of acting and the excitement. She was nine years old, and the ordinary things a nine year old has in her life bored her. How could she be thrilled at doing a school play as "Cinderella" with the English teacher in charge, when she had done a picture with Alfred Hitchcock in charge. She tried to be excited about school and ordinary normal living, but she couldn't. She just couldn't. How does a child star suddenly turn into a little girl again? Evelyn Rudie found that she couldn't.

No wonder she was restless and unhappy. All she talked about at home was the fact that she wanted to act again. She recalled those glorious, golden days when she was a real, honest-to-goodness child star and had met Mamie Eisenhower in person. "Maybe Mrs. Eisenhower can help me get a job in pictures or television again?" said Evelyn. (This is the account Evelyn and her parents give). "Yes, yes, darling," said Mummy and Daddy, to reassure her. Because life was pretty dull, comparatively speaking, Evelyn and her parents began to live in a world of make-believe. "We'll travel all over Europe—we'll go to the White House—they'll all acclaim you again," said Mrs. Bernauer to her sad little daughter.

The Bernauers say they were only making-believe. Evelyn says she took them seriously when they said "Yes, darling, you may go to the White House."

Mr. Bernauer became very ill with pneumonia and was taken to the hospital. He wasn't around to reassure Evelyn any more. Even her mother, whose whole life and attention was wrapped around Evelyn, now had to spend some of her time with the father. Evelyn loved her father and was frightened when he became ill. She was also desolate because of lack of the assurance from her parents. At least it was something when they'd all sit together on the couch in the living room and talk about Evelyn's great gift and how she had been the greatest child star since Shirley Temple, and how, if it weren't for Hollywood's changing pattern, she would still be the biggest child star, and how sure they were that if she were given another part she would come back as a child star. "This time not only as a comedienne in *Eloise*, but as a great dramatic actress capable of playing tragedy," Mr. Bernauer had said very earnestly many times.

When Mr. Bernauer came home from the hospital, he was very weak. They still talked about going to the White House, but Mr. Bernauer was too weak to make any kind of trip.

Evelyn was afraid they might change their minds. She was getting more and more restless. Evelyn told me, "I felt I had my parents' permission to go to the White House. We had talked about it many times. Maybe they were pretending, but I was sure they meant it. If I asked their permission again, they might not give it to me. One night I decided I must get to the White House to see Mrs. Eisenhower. I was sure that the First Lady of the land could get me a job."

The rest is newspaper fact. Eloise set her alarm for 6:00 a.m., picked up the ticket, got on the plane, her parents notified the police, etc., etc.

Was it on the level or a hoax?

The Bernauers say it was not a publicity stunt. "People forget that Evelyn is not an ordinary child. An ordinary child would not get on a plane and go to the White House to try to see Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower. It never occurred to her that what she was doing in trying to get to see Mamie Eisenhower again, was unusual."

Did Evelyn get a spanking for running off? "No," said the Bernauers. "We felt that it was our fault in encouraging her to think that we approved of her going. We had gone along with her thoughts on this, never dreaming that she might do it herself."

Evelyn said she had written a note to her parents when she ran off, but had forgotten to leave it.

Evelyn is back in school again. She is also up for a Warner's TV show, and for other things. She still wants, more than anything else, to be what she once was: a child star. She wants fame and the excitement of the camera. She will never be an ordinary nine-year-old girl. END



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We Have A Right To Be Married

(*Continued from page 41*)

a few words—it means so much to them, you know Sammy."

Sammy saw her at that moment, even before he reached the corner where she stood with others. She looked familiar, this loveliest-looking of girls—tall, pale blonde, green-eyed.

Instinctively, Sammy smiled at her. And she smiled back.

Of the group, she was the last to introduce herself.

"I'm Joan Stuart," she said, when her turn came.

"Hi," Sammy said, shaking her hand.

"Ahem," she said, embarrassed, when he failed to let it go.

Sammy laughed nervously, jerking his hand back to his side. "Excuse the old worn-out line," he said, "but haven't we met before?"

Joan nodded. "Sort of, in Toronto, a few months ago," she said, "at CBC—when you did your television show. I was doing a show, too. My parents came to visit me one day. We passed you in the hall and said hello."

"Well!" Sammy said, laughing nervously again, and then turning back to the others.

For the next ten minutes, excitedly, the others asked him all sorts of questions; about himself, show business in America, Hollywood, Vegas, about friends of his like Sinatra, Dean Martin, Tony Curtis.

And then, suddenly, a waiter sang out "Last call for drinks!"—and they excused themselves and were gone.

"Some friends you've got," Sammy said, lightly, smiling, turning again to Joan Stuart, the only one of the group who'd remained behind. "Very polite, I mean."

"They're just excited," Joan said. "It isn't often we get invited to parties like this, with big celebrities, fancy canapés, drinks, everything. It's a little hard knowing where to turn first."

Strangely uneasy

"How come you didn't go with them?" Sammy asked.

"I've had a drink," said Joan. "I have two shows to do tonight. One drink is enough for me."

"You sing? Dance?" Sammy asked.

"Dance," Joan said. "Right now I'm working a club down the street."

"I'd like to come and see you some night," Sammy said.

"Would you?" Joan asked.

Sammy reached into his pocket for a cigarette. He was feeling strangely uneasy. "Sure," he said, "you just name the night."

His manager came over to them now, before Joan had a chance to speak again.

"Sammy," said the manager, whispering hoarsely, "the people who're throwing this blast, they want you to go to dinner with them tonight. I've been telling them how pooped you are, but they won't listen. Will you go over and tell them yourself —please?"

Sammy lit his cigarette, briskly.

"Pooped?" he asked. "Who's pooped?"

His manager looked at him, stunned. "Well, it ain't *me* who's been doing the complaining," he said. "You're the guy who was just—"

"Listen," Sammy said, cutting in. "I've got a great idea. If it's dinner we've got to have, why don't we have it at the—" He looked over at Joan. "Where'd you say you worked?"

"The Chez André," Joan said.

"Chez André, that's it," Sammy said. "We can watch Miss Stuart's show first," he went on, "and then, if it's all right with Miss Stuart, she can join us for dinner after the show . . . *Is* that all right with you, Miss Stuart? Joan?"

She hesitated a moment.

Then she nodded.

"See," Sammy said to his confused manager, "it's all settled. Now go tell the people. . . ."

After dinner that night, Joan did a second show and then went with Sammy and the rest of the small party to a coffee house not far from the club.

Sammy remembers

"We sat next to each other," Sammy remembers, "and we talked. We felt close to each other right from the beginning. Joan told me about herself. She was twenty-one, from Toronto. Her folks were conservative people, who didn't want her to enter showbusiness, but who gave in after a while, after they saw how much she loved dancing, how it meant practically everything to her. She'd led a pretty sheltered life, she said. She hadn't gone out on dates much, she hadn't ever had a real boyfriend. When she was fifteen, the age most other girls start going out with boys, Joan was beginning to dance with the Canadian Ballet. This was a rugged life, a strict life, with little time for having fun. Now that Joan was out of the ballet and doing club work, she had more time to herself, she said. And she spent most of her free time reading, or taking long walks up and down streets she'd never walked before, or going to a park and sitting and watching the other people there, the kids mostly. She loved kids, she said.

"Me, when I began to talk to Joan, I felt like a different person. I found that this was the first time I ever sat with a girl and was myself—talking about myself as I really am, not as Sammy Davis Jr., night-club star. I was serious. For once, with this girl, I felt I could let go of the clown face I've had to wear all the time. the clown face people always expect me to wear. I didn't have to be flip and cute. Boy, it was a wonderful feeling, me talking to her, her talking to me. Once we got started, we didn't seem to ever want to stop."

It was dawn when he and Joan finally did stop.

They looked around.

The others had all gone.

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The place was empty except for themselves and a doorman, who sat snoozing on a chair near the entranceway.

"Hey," Sammy said, "what time is it, anyway?"

Joan looked down at her watch. "A quarter after six," she said.

"What do you say we go grab some breakfast?" Sammy asked.

"Oh no," Joan said. "You open in a show tonight, remember? You're tired, Sammy, and you need some sleep."

"Awwwww," he started.

"Don't be a little boy now," Joan said, gently. "Tonight's a big night for you. An opening. Tonight's important."

"Tonight's important," Sammy said, quickly, "only if I know I'm gonna be seeing you again."

"I'd like to see you again, Sammy," Joan said. "This was fun, such fun."

"Better than your books, your walks. your parks?" Sammy asked, winking.

"A little," said Joan, winking back.

They got up, and held hands, and left the place.

And as they did the doorman, still sitting in his chair, opened one eye, watched them, and shook his head. . . .

How can one man be so lucky?

They met that night. And the day and night after. And the day and night after that. They had a great time together, a fabulous time. They drove out to the country. They saw the famous sights of the city. They went searching for out-of-the-way restaurants in the Old French Town. They took a river boat-ride down the St. Lawrence. They climbed to the top of the Hill, and looked down at the city, the river, the fields beyond. And all the time they talked and were together, and got to know each other more and more. . .

The fifth night was different somehow, right from the beginning. Joan, walking with Sammy down Victoria Street, away from her club, noticed that he was quiet. unusually quiet, that he seemed to be worried about something.

"How'd your show go, Sammy?" she asked, after a while.

"Not too hot," he said.

"Are you feeling a little sick?" Joan asked.

"No," Sammy said.

"Then what was wrong?" Joan asked.

"I had something on my mind," Sammy said.

"What?" she asked.

"Never mind," he said.

"Please, Sammy, won't you tell *me* what?" Joan asked.

"I said never mind!"

The words came like a slap. Joan stopped walking and faced him.

"If you'd rather not go anywhere, I can take a cab and go home," she said.

Sammy took a deep breath. "Look, Joan," he said, his voice softer, "what I was thinking during the show, all during the show—it was funny."

"Funny?" she asked.

"I mean you'd laugh at me if you knew what I was thinking," Sammy said. "See?"

"No," Joan said, "I don't see."

"I mean," Sammy said, "you'd laugh if you knew I was thinking about you and me, about us being married, about you being my wife."

"Why would I laugh?" Joan asked.

Sammy took her hand. He held it hard.

"Hey," he said, "hey . . . hey . . . this is all backwards, all cockeyed backwards." Again, he breathed in deeply. "Let me start from the beginning," he said. He shrugged. "I love you, Joan, and I want to marry you," he said.

"I want to marry *you,* Sammy," she said. She brought her free hand up to his cheek, and held it there. "I love you more than anything in life. I feel good when I'm with you. I'm alive when I'm with you. Alive and happy, like I've never felt before . . . Last night, Sammy, after I left you, I went to bed and prayed for only one thing. That the night would go quickly and that morning would come, so I could see you again . . . Oh Sammy, I love you so much. So much."

"My God," he said, throwing back his head, looking up, "how can one man on this here earth be as lucky as I am?"

He laughed now and grabbed Joan and kissed her

And then, after the kiss, he took her hand and they began to walk again.

Problems bigger than most

"We must have walked a couple of hours," he remembers. "There were so many things to talk about. Real things. Problems. I told Joan it wasn't going to be any bed of roses for us, a colored man married to a white girl. She said she knew that. I told her there were going to be lots of uncomfortable moments in her life from now on, that she was going to get a lot of criticism and ridicule and dirty looks, lose a lot of her friends. She said she knew that, too, and didn't care.

"Besides the color problem, there was the difference in our religions: Joan is Catholic, I'm a Jew. I became a convert several years ago. We talked about that, about how strongly I felt about being Jewish, and Joan said that while she would not change her faith she would have our children raised as Jews.

"I remember Joan saying, 'These problems, Sammy—they're bigger than most people's, yes. But we can lick them, Sammy. Love can lick anything. And that's what we've got, to start with, to last us through the rest of our lives . . . Love.' "

They walked on, holding hands, talking.

Till, at one point, they came to an all-night drugstore and Sammy said, "You know what I'm going to do, honey? I'm going to phone my Mom, in Hollywood, and tell her the news."

They went into the drugstore, and Joan waited outside the phone booth while Sammy called.

He was all smiles when he came out.

"What did she say?" Joan asked.

"She said: 'She must be very nice, Sammy, for you to want to marry her in spite of what the consequences might be,' " Sammy told Joan. "Then she said: 'I'm glad for you, son. You're thirty-four years old. You've worked hard all your life, since you were five years old. It's about time you started getting some personal happiness out of this life.' "

Joan smiled, too, now.

"She sounds like a beautiful woman," she said.

"Mom?" Sammy asked. "You'll be crazy about her. Just wait till you meet her."

He paused.

"Joannie," he said then, "about your parents—are you going to call them, tell them?"

He watched the smile begin to disappear, slowly, from her face.

"Of course," she said.

"Now?" Sammy asked.

Joan shook her head. "No, not right now," she said. "It's . . . It's after one already. They're probably fast asleep. I'd hate to get them up. My father, especially, he's such a sound sleeper and—"

Sammy laughed and interrupted her.

"So you'll call them tomorrow," he said, "same thing." He pointed to a counter, on the other side of the drugstore. "Come on, let's have a cup of hot coffee for now, huh?" he asked.

Joan followed him, but didn't answer this

time. She seemed, suddenly, to be thinking about something else. . . .

"We have a right . . ."

It was 6:00 p.m. the following day. Joan was in her room, alone. She sat staring at the telephone beside her. She'd been sitting this way for more than an hour now, staring at the phone, wanting to pick it up, not picking it up.

Finally she brought her hand over to the receiver, and lifted it and dialed.

She heard her mother's voice a few seconds later:

"Joan, how are you, darling? It's been days since you've called. Is everything all right?"

Joan said she was fine; that yes, everything was all right.

For the next minute or so she asked about her father—how was he; had he got home from work yet?

"Just now, he got in this second," her mother said.

"Mother," Joan said, suddenly, urgently.

"Yes?" her mother asked.

"I'm getting married," Joan said.

"You're—" Her mother stopped and began to laugh. "Joan. How wonderful. What a wonderful surprise. When did all this happen? Who, who's the man?"

"You met him once, mother, at CBC, a few months ago," Joan said. "The day you came to visit the studio."

"That nice director?" her mother asked, "—The one from Winnipeg with the deep blue eyes? Him, Joan?"

"No," Joan said. "His name is Sammy Davis. He's an entertainer. Sammy Davis, Jr."

There was a long, a very long, pause.

"Joan," her mother said, finally, a tremor in her voice, "are you talking about the American—the colored singer?"

"Yes," Joan said.

"And you're what?" her mother asked. "—You're going to marry him?"

"I love him, Mother," Joan said. "And yes, I'm going to marry him."

"Is this a joke, Joan Stuart—is this your idea of something funny, calling me up and telling me something like this?"

"Mother—" Joan started to say.

"Is this something you're doing for publicity?" her mother shouted. "Did one of those agents get you into this, for publicity, for some disgusting publicity?"

"Mother," Joan said, "I just want you to know, no matter what you feel right now, that I am deeply in love with this man and that I want to marry him. I'd like your approval, yours and Dad's. Your blessings. But—"

Again her mother cut in. "Approval? Blessings?" she asked. Her voice rose. "Are you serious? Are you—"

Joan heard her mother scream, suddenly, and call for her father. She heard her repeat some of the facts she had just told her—"Sammy Davis," she heard her say, "Negro . . . our baby . . . marry . . . Negro . . . Negro . . . Negro!"

Finally, she heard her dad's voice.

"Joannie," she heard him say, "you're twenty-one now, on your own. You make your own decisions. But just let me tell you this: I've raised you, daughter, and I know you're a good girl. Just take your time. And don't do anything foolish."

"Dad," Joan said, "I know exactly what I'm doing. Believe me. Please believe me . . . You're right, Dad. I *am* twenty-one. I *am* on my own now. I *do* have to make decisions for myself. And *this* is my decision. Sammy and I—we have a right to be married. We—"

Now she began to cry.

"Joan, Joanie," she heard her father's voice say.

She tried to answer, to talk.

But she couldn't.

Before she knew it, she had hung up.

She rose from her chair, and walked across the room, to a window there. She looked down at the street below, at the stream of people walking by.

"Please, please," she found herself sobbing, "give us a chance. Won't you?"

There was a knock on the door then.

It opened, and Sammy walked in.

He knew immediately what had happened.

"You called your folks?" he asked.

"Yes," said Joan.

"They don't want it, us, together, married?" Sammy asked.

Joan shook her head.

Sammy walked to a chair and sat. He looked at Joan, near the window, crying.

"Joannie," he said, after a while, softly, "maybe this is for the best. Maybe it's good you learn now, from your own family, what part of your future would be like."

He paused.

Joan said nothing.

"Maybe it's best you find out now, at the beginning," he went on then, "—in time for you to change your mind."

"I can't say I won't mind, Joannie," he said, "but—"

"Don't, Sammy, don't," Joan shouted, suddenly. "Don't talk like that . . . Don't *you* start talking like that now. Or else I'll die. Right here, on this spot, I'll wither up and die . . . I love you, Sammy. *I love you.*"

"And you still want to marry me?" he asked.

Joan ran from the window, and threw herself in his arms.

This was her answer—her final, never-ending answer. **END**

Sammy starred in PORGY AND BESS, *Columbia, and will be seen in* OCEANS 11, *Warner Bros.*

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Introducing Crash Craddock

(*Continued from page 27*)

the Burlington Mills, tired after working and coming home from work and making supper and doing the dishes and some washing or sewing, was probably asleep now.

He didn't want to wake her.

Much as he needed her, now, to talk to, he would not wake her.

"Tomorrow mornin'. I'll call first thing and tell her," he thought as he turned and walked over to the bed and flopped down on it.

"That I'm comin' home, back, where I belong."

He reached and turned off the lamp.

But sleep would not come.

"May," he whispered to the silent hotel room, the loneliness inside him growing by the moment. "Why'd I leave you in the first place . . . Why'd I even think I wanted to try for any kind of a success without you near me?"

He remembered the night two weeks earlier when he'd told her that he was going away.

"Columbia Records, honey," he'd said, happily, triumphantly. "One of the biggest outfits in the world. They've signed me up and now they want me to go out on tour. They want to build me into something big."

He remembered the look on May's face as he explained what the word 'tour' meant, what it involved.

"Boston, New York, New Haven, Detroit, Chicago and lots of other places," he'd said. "That's where they want *me* to go . . . to sing in cities like *those*.

"Now," he'd gone on, "of course I'll have to go alone, May, I mean, tours like this cost them companies plenty of money and they sure can't pay for the two of us.

"But even though we'll miss each other, just think, what this could mean. That maybe I'll be on my way to makin' the big-time. That maybe I'll start makin' some money, real money, for a change. That maybe in a couple of years, even less, we can buy ourselves a house instead of this tiny li'l apartment we live in and I can buy you all kinds of pretty clothes and we can even go on that honeymoon we always wanted."

That dreams might come true

He'd watched his wife as she'd tried to smile and as she'd cried, both at the same time.

"Well," he'd said, "maybe now, this way, all those dreams of ours can come true." He'd continued watching her as the tears in her eyes seemed to become bigger.

"Come on, May," he'd said, taking her in his arms and holding her close to him. "You *know* that this is what I've wanted all my life. Don't you know that, May? Don't you?"

He'd felt her head against his chest nodding.

He'd heard her say, "Yes, of course, darlin'. I know. It's wonderful. It's just that . . . after two years with you . . . all the time . . . I'll miss you. So much."

And now, this night, he missed *her*. So much. After only a week.

He turned and tossed in the bed.

Again, he closed his eyes and tried to sleep.

But still the sleep would not come.

And then, opening his eyes again, he saw the outline of his guitar case, sitting on the big overstuffed chair in the far corner of the darkened room.

And he thought of the dreams he used to have, as a boy—the dreams that had been so beautiful then and that he resented so much now. . . .

And, in the dark, out of his loneliness and need for her, he began to speak to May of those dreams. . . .

"Other boys I knew back home, they had other ambitions," he whispered. "They were goin' to be cops and flyers and things like that. But me, ever since I can remember, I was goin' to be a record star, playin' on my guitar and singin' and makin' records, just like Hank Williams and all my other favorites.

"That guitar we had at home. It really belonged to brother Clarence. But I was the one who used to play it most of the time. I used to go out behind the barn with it, in the big tobacco field there, and give my 'performances.' I'd start by shouting: 'The famous Grand Ole Opry now pre-sents its most famous and most favorite enter-tainer . . . Billy Craddock.' Then, liftin' my guitar, I'd strum out an introduction and I'd begin to sing. I'd sing all the songs I knew. And then when I was finished I'd bow and listen to the applause —which never got much louder than the tobacco leaves clappin' against each other if there happened to be a wind blowin', or maybe a couple of cows mooin' away if they still happened to be out to pasture.

"But to me, this was all applause. And I'd bow. And while I'd be bowin' sometimes I'd say a prayer and say: 'When I'm big, please make it all come true . . . with real people listenin', I mean.'

"There came a time, I don't mind tellin' you, when I thought this career of mine was goin' to be over before it even started.

"That was the day—I was about twelve, I guess—when Clarence came over to me while I was settin' on the porch of our house, strummin' away, and said he had to have his guitar back. I asked him why. He said 'cause he had to take it to a hock shop. I asked him why that. 'Cause he needed the money, he said; he had a big date this comin' Saturday night, he said, and he didn't have any funds with which to accomplish this date otherwise . . . I played dumb. 'Gee, Clarence,' I said, 'Why don't you ask Daddy or Ma for the money?'—pretendin' to forget that our daddy and ma had ten children to raise and that they couldn't spare the money, good as they were, for anybody's dates. Clarence didn't even bother answerin' me on this one. Instead he just picked up the guitar from out my lap and high-tailed it for the hock shop.

"I high-tailed it there the very next day. There was a real grouchy-lookin' man behind the counter. I pointed up to Clarence's guitar, settin' high up on a shelf now, and asked the man how much it would cost for me to get it back. 'Twenty bucks,' he said, and he turned away.

"Well, four mouths later, almost to the day, I was back in that hock shop. I handed the man behind the counter a heavy bag I was carryin'. 'There's twenty dollars in there, Mistuh,' I said. I pointed to the guitar. 'Now can I have it, please?'

"The man, grouchy-lookin' as ever, mumbled something, opened the bag and counted the money—nickels, dimes, quarters, a few dollar bills.

"'How'd you get all this?' he asked me, after he was through countin'.

"'Mowed lawns all summer, all over town.' I told him. 'And didn't go to a movie Saturdays, not a once. And I even worked at the A&P helpi-' deliver for a couple of weeks . . . The -eman there told me I was the youngest employee in the history of the A&P, ever,' I added, braggin'.



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BING CROSBY: A COOL CAT and his HOT MONEY

Some folks think that Bing Crosby's casual air is just a pose. But those who really know him will tell you that nothing could be farther from the truth.

There's the time Bing's twenty-room colonial house in North Hollywood caught fire and burned to the ground. Bing got word of it from his friend and lyricist, Johnny Burke, who had been phoning all over town trying to locate him. Burke finally caught up with him at the Brown Derby where Bing was lunching after a round of golf.

Breaking the news gently, Burke said: "Listen, Bing, before I say anything, I want you to know everyone's okay."

Bing had shot a 74 that morning, and was in good humor. "Isn't that nice, Johnny," he said amiably. "And how's *your* family?"

Burke tried again, and this time he made no effort to soften the blow. "Look, Bing, your house just burned down!"

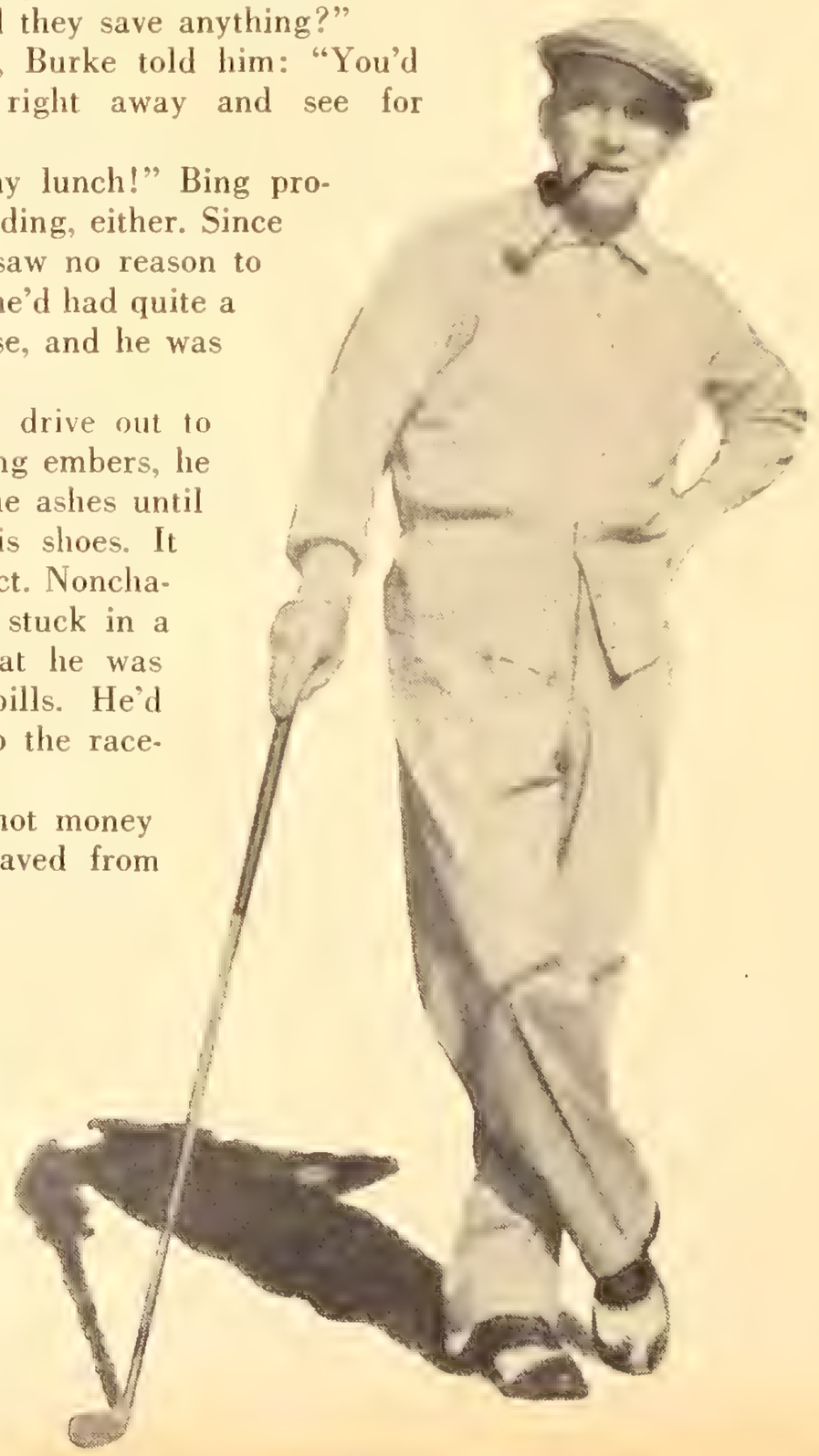
There was a moment's pause, then Bing drawled: "Huh, that old barn! Did they save anything?"

Somewhat exasperated, Burke told him: "You'd better hurry out here right away and see for yourself!"

"But I just ordered my lunch!" Bing protested. And he wasn't kidding, either. Since the family was safe, he saw no reason to skip his lunch. After all, he'd had quite a workout on the golf course, and he was real hungry.

When Bing finally did drive out to look at the pile of smoking embers, he started to poke around the ashes until he came upon one of his shoes. It was charred but still intact. Nonchalant as you please, Bing stuck in a hand and fished out what he was looking for—$1500 in bills. He'd placed it there to take to the racetrack next day.

As it turned out, this hot money was all that had been saved from the flames!



"'Did all that work just so's you could get back that battered ole guitar up there?' the man asked me.

"'Sure,' I said, '—how else am I gonna practice to become a famous enter-tainer if I ain't got no guitar?'

"'Well,' the man said, 'well, son, you know, the price on this guitar is up to twenty-two dollars now.'

"'What?' I said. 'Why?'

"'Interest, son,' the man said. 'It's hard to explain; but it's a fact. A fifty-cent a month fact in this here business.'

"I began to cry like a baby, I was so disappointed.

"'*But,*' the man behind the counter said, after listenin' to my cryin' and wailin' for a little while, 'I've always said that someday I was gonna have to be sobbed into an exception in the matter of interest. And I guess today's that unlucky day for me, eh?'

"With that, he climbed a ladder to the high shelf, took hold of the guitar, leaned over and handed it to me.

"'Now scat out of here,' he said, 'and make sure you practice hard on this danged thing. Or I'll haunt you from my very grave after I'm gone.'

"I took the guitar and I touched the man's hand, just to show him how much I appreciated what he'd done.

"'Scat!' he hollered again.

"And I scatted, all right.

"And I went back home and I began to play and practice and sing—till I was hoarse some nights from singin' so much, and till my fingers got red and raw and nearly bleedin' at the tips sometimes from pluckin' away so much at those strings.

"But I didn't care. Didn't bother me how hoarse or bruised I got.

"I had an ambition.

"And I knew there was to be lots of hard work involved. . . .

"I had lots of luck along the way, too. When I was about thirteen my brother Ronald and I formed a duo and entered a contest on a Greensboro TV station. We won, and stayed on that show for fifteen consecutive weeks. Then, in high school, I organized a quartet called *The Rebels* and we did lots of singin' together, all through those four years. Just singin', singin' singin' away.

"Of course, my life wasn't *all* music. I managed to study my schoolwork some. I played football—which is where I got my nickname, Crash. Because I could always use the extra money, I even got a part-time job with the Lorillard company in Greensboro, liftin' tobacco from the big boxes that came in from the fields and dumpin' this tobacco into the machines it was supposed to go in.

"No, I didn't spend all my time with my music and with my thinkin' about the future I wanted to make for myself in it.

"But I've got to tell you that I sure did manage to spend *most* of my time this way.

"There was only one period, I remember, when I didn't care what happened about my music, or about anything, in fact.

"That was the time, four years ago, when Ma died.

"Not only was Ma a hard-workin' woman at home—what with ten children to raise and take care of—but she worked at the mill, too, the same mill where Daddy worked, till practically the end of her life, just to help out. She was such a wonderful woman. She'd give you her last dime—the very last dime she had. And she was a very religious woman. I went to church as a kid, but I guess you could never call me over-religious that way. Anyway, when Ma was sick I knew it would please her if I went and got baptized, something she had always wanted and that I had kept puttin' off. It pleased her, all right.

"She died of cancer. You know how

painful that is. Well, all the time she had it we never heard her holler once. We used to have to take her for treatments, and carry her from the house to the car. I used to help carry her. I used to see the expression of pain on her face. But never once did I ever hear her moan or say anything about her pain.

"Anyway, after she died, I didn't care if I ever sang or played the guitar again.

"But then, one day, I had a talk with a relative of ours, someone who saw what was goin' on with me.

"And he said, 'No sense givin' up your music, Billy. First of all, you won't be cheatin' nobody but yourself. And second, your ma—if she was here to tell you—she'd tell you that she didn't like this nohow, you givin' up what's always been the most important thing to you.'

"And so, after a while, I picked up my guitar again and I re-started my singin'.

"And all the ambition for music that had been in me came back to me again. . . .

"It was at about this time that I met you, May.

"I was sixteen years old the first time I saw you, over at the recreation center in Greensboro, remember, May? I had just been in the pool for a swim and you were walkin' around near the pool, and let me tell you, you were the prettiest li'l girl I had ever, ever seen.

"Now, I'd never been known to be a bold type when it came to girls. But when I saw you that first time, I just slid myself up out of that pool and I went up to you and introduced myself and asked you the first thing that came to my mind—if I could buy you a soda.

"You were very shy then, as you still are today, and it took a lot of talkin' on my part to convince you that this was all on the up-and-up.

"But I did it, someways.

"And we had our soda.

"And we started goin' out together.

"And, after a while, we realized that we were in love, and so we decided to get married.

"The date of our marriage was June 22, 1957. We were both seventeen years old. We eloped to South Carolina for the marriage—with our parents' consent, but with nobody else knowing about it—because there were too many people, we knew, who would have criticized us and told us we were too young, too immature.

"But we didn't really care what anybody was sayin'. We just knew we loved each other. And we figured that, even if we were a little on the young side, it was a good thing for two people in love to grow up with each other.

"From the day we were married, May, you stuck with me in my ambition to become a singer.

"You never minded when I sat myself in a corner and practiced. When I came home late, way after suppertime, from an audition someplace . . . You didn't even mind when I gave up my job at Lorillard so I could study and be able to audition even more.

"And May, you know, the dreams started coming true last New Year's Eve, when I sang for the first time at Mr. Fred Koury's Plantation Club in Greensboro.

"After that one show, Mr. Koury hired me and became my manager.

"Through him, the big record people from New York City came down to hear me. And, finally, one day not too long ago the Columbia people signed me up to cut my first record—*Don't Destroy Me*—and to go on tour.

"May, it was one of the happiest moments of my whole life. . . ."

Except, he thought as he lay here now, on the narrow bed in the darkened hotel room, this night, a week after the tour had begun—except that he was alone, and May was not with him.

Was it right . . . this way? Crash wondered.

Was it fair to the girl who loved him, and whom he loved—to make her wait behind while he went off and made his bid for success?

Was it worth the maybe of that house they'd talked about, of that money in the bank, of that honeymoon they'd never had—if May, his wife, couldn't be with him, here, now, right now?

"No," he thought aloud. "And tomorrow, first thing, I'm goin' to phone and say I'm comin' back . . . back home."

The knock on the door awakened Crash.

He got out of bed, groggily, and opened the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Craddock," said a bellhop, standing there. "Letter for you."

Crash could see immediately, from the handwriting on the envelope, that it was from May. . . .

It was the first letter Crash had gotten from May since he'd left home the week before. And it was a long letter.

She wrote how she had been visiting relatives most nights—both his and hers; and she told about which nephew and niece had just gotten over a cold, which ones were just getting one . . . who had said what, done what.

And then, towards the end of the letter, she wrote this: *I miss you, as you must know. And I am lonely for you. As I know you must be for me. But, as I have figured it since that night last week when you left, this being separated is a sacrifice we have both got to make in order that all the years we've got ahead of us can possibly be even happier than the two happy years we have had already.*

It is easier for me to make this sacrifice than it is for you. I am here, in our home, with all our memories around me, so close.

You, on the other hand, are far away. It must be very difficult for you. There are times you must want to give it all up and come home, I know.

But, darling, when those times come—just remember this:

We miss each other, yes—but I know that it takes a lot of time and a lot of courage to try to get where you've always wanted to go.

And the fact that you've always tried and that you're trying so hard now, makes me the proudest wife in the whole world. . . ."

Crash read this portion of May's letter, over and over again.

Till the phone beside him rang, and he picked up the receiver.

It was his press-agent, calling from a room down the hall.

"Ready for some breakfast? . . . Gotta eat and then get ready to make that plane for Chicago . . . Be ready soon?"

Crash looked down at May's letter now.

Then he smiled, and nodded.

"I'll be with you in twenty minutes," he said. . . .

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Gia Scala

(*Continued from page 35*)

"I'm not hungry, Mom," Don said, abruptly, interrupting her. "I'll help myself to something later."

His mother's smile lessened. "What's wrong, son?" she asked.

Don didn't answer.

His mother looked down at the newspaper in his lap, at the big headline there: GIA SCALA GRABBED FROM BRIDGE WALL—LONDON CABBIE FOILS ACTRESS' SUICIDE TRY.

"Do you know her?" Mrs. Burnett asked.

Don shrugged. "A little, I guess," he said. "We met a few times on the set, at Metro, when I was doing *Don't Go Near The Water.*"

"Of course," his mother said, "the Italian girl who played the native. So lovely she was, too. . . . Now *why* would a lovely girl like that ever want to go and do a thing like this, try to take her own life?"

Again Don shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "The paper says something about her being depressed over her mother's death."

"Tsk," said his mother. Then she sighed. "Well, at least the girl's all right *now*. The cabdriver grabbed her, it says, and she's obviously all right."

"I hope she is," Don said.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Burnett. She smiled again. "And I *do* wish you'd come eat your dinner now."

"I hope she is," Don repeated, not hearing his mother, but thinking about a girl far away, whom he barely knew but whom he remembered very well, a girl alone and in distress, a girl he wished very much he could be near right now. . . .

Gia's return

It was early November by the time Gia Scala returned to Hollywood from Europe. It was a day and a half after her return when Don phoned her.

"Yes," she said, "yes, I remember you."

He noticed that her voice was different than it had been those few other times they'd talked; tired-sounding instead of alive, very tired-sounding.

He asked her if she would like to go out with him.

"Yes," she said, without any enthusiasm, "that would be very nice."

"I guess you're all booked up the rest of this week," Don said.

There was a pause. Then Gia said, "No, I have nothing to do this week . . . or next week. You tell me the evening—"

"Well," Don said, "tomorrow night there's a dance, a charity ball for The Helpers, over at the Hilton. I bought two tickets. I didn't expect to use them. But if you'd like—"

"That would be nice," Gia said. "I will see you tomorrow night then."

And she hung up. . . .

"I'll never in my life forget how beautiful she looked," Don recalls about that next night, their first few minutes together. "Gia wore a green gown, matching the green of her eyes. And a plain gold necklace with an Italian cameo in the center. Her hair was combed back very simply. She was practically without make-up. She looked like a goddess, freshly-arrived on earth. She was the most beautiful-looking girl I had ever seen. And the saddest, too. . . ."

The ball at the Hilton was a lovely affair.

For the few hours they were there, Don and Gia sat at a table with some of Don's friends and their dates.

Once in a while, they danced.

Throughout it all, Gia was quiet, speaking only when spoken to, smiling rarely, barely joining in on any of the fun-doings.

"Why the far-away look?" Don asked her, softly, at one point.

Gia's face reddened a little. "I don't know," she said. And that was all she said.

After the dance, they went to the nearby Trader Vic for a bite to eat.

"What'll you have?" Don asked.

"Just coffee," Gia said.

"Well," Don said, winking, "me, I'm a growing boy, and I'll have to have a little more than that."

"*Korean specialties,*" he said, reading the menu and trying hard not to make it look as if he were forcing any conversation. "You ever been there—Korea?"

"No," Gia said.

"Then you've never had the pleasure of trying any of their specialties," Don said.

Gia shook her head.

Don began to tell her about something that had happened to him while he was there, with the Army.

"I was riding around in this jeep one day," he said, "and I came across this old lady, walking up the road. She looked so tired that I stopped and asked if I could give her a lift. Oh no, she said, she'd come a long way but she still had an even longer way to go. 'How far?' I asked her. 'About forty miles,' she said. Well now, I sure wasn't going to have this little old lady walking down that road another couple of days, was I? So I said, 'Hop in, Grandma, I'll drive you and get you home chop chop!' "



I've just read a terrific story in **INGENUE** *Magazine called "Give a Weekend." Tells about teen-agers doing volunteer work in the Philadelphia slums . . . not glossy charity-type work, but real 'get your hands dirty' helping. What a great job they do!*

ELINOR DONAHUE

(In CBS-TV's "Father Knows Best")

Gia began to smile a little.

"So there we were, the two of us, riding away a little while later," Don went on, "when all of a sudden the woman reached into a bag she was carrying and said to me, 'Here, young soldier, eat.' I looked at what she was holding. It was a dried red pepper, this long and this red. 'Eat?' I asked, '—that?' 'You honor me with your politeness,' the old lady said, 'now I must honor you with my hospitality.'

"Well, let me tell you, Gia—" Don stopped and laughed, happy to see that she was really beginning to smile now. "—I took *one bite* of that hospitality of hers and—"

"Gia!" a voice interrupted him, suddenly. "Giiiiiia, darling!"

They both turned to look.

A girl—young, pretty, bleary-eyed—was approaching their table.

"Gia, sweet-heart," she said, finally reaching the table, "I was sitting over there . . . and I turned around to look . . . and I saw *you*. I couldn't believe it. I didn't know you were back in town."

"I am," Gia said.

"And you *look* so terrif—" The girl brought her hand up to her mouth, to hide a hiccup. "Terrific!"

"Thank you," said Gia.

"I was worried," the girl said, her face turning suddenly somber. "Oh boy, I was worried, ever since I heard about it, you on that bridge—just *thinking* about you staring down into that awful, awful water and . . . Gia, I'm so glad you're all right. And here. Back *with* us."

The girl turned to Don, for the first time.

"Life, life, it's wonderful, isn't it?" she asked.

Don didn't answer. Instead he looked back at Gia. He saw the tears as they began to come to her eyes.

"I mean, where'd we be without life?" he heard the girl say and giggle.

He reached across the table and touched Gia's hand.

It was cold.

"Come on," he said, rising from his chair, "let's get out of here."

Gia rose, too.

Don took her arm, and they began to walk away.

"Well . . . pardon me for trying to be so concerned!" they heard the girl say as they left. . . .

A little spunk

They'd driven back in silence.

And it was only when they got to the door of Gia's house that Don spoke and asked if he could come inside for a while.

"Why," Gia asked, "haven't I made your evening unpleasant enough?"

Don nodded.

"Yep," he said, smiling, "you've been pretty bad. I mean, I've been out with friendlier girls in my time. Girls who talked to me, at least."

"I'm sorry about that, about everything."

"Too late," Don said, continuing his tease. "But there is one thing you can do for me." He brought his hands up to his stomach. "You can give me something to eat. Because I'm starving. And a guy's gotta eat sometime!"

"Oh," Gia said, "yes . . . Won't you come in then?"

Don followed her through the foyer and living room and into the kitchen.

"You'll wait outside the kitchen, please," Gia said. "This is one room that is for the women and only the women."

Don didn't move.

"Now go ahead, *vatene,*" Gia said. "Go back inside and make yourself a little drink if you'd like. I will have something ready for you in a little while."

With that, she took Don's arm and turned him around.

"Okay, okay," Don said, very reluctant-sounding, but glad deep-down that she was finally beginning to show a little spunk. . . .

Don had put some records on the phonograph and Sinatra was singing a moody ballad when Gia walked into the room.

"Dance?" Don asked, walking over to her.

Gia nodded. "If you'd like," she said.

They began to move around the floor.

"What's cooking?" Don asked, after a few moments.

"*Cosa?*" Gia asked. "What?"

"Smells like something good coming from the kitchen," Don said.

"Oh, the *calzone,*" Gia said. "Yes, I hope it is good."

"*Cal*—who?" Don asked.

"It's an Italian dish," Gia said.

"I couldn't have guessed," said Don.

"It's very good," Gia said. "You'll see. It's a dough crust and inside there is the two cheeses—the *ricotta* and the *mozzarella.*"

"And?" Don asked.

"And a little pepper and salt," Gia said.

"And?"

"And a glass of wine, if you'd like."

"For a hungerin' man like *me*—a couple of slices of cheese and some dough?" Don asked, holding back his smile.

"There is many a hungerin' Italian man," Gia said, "who has not been able to finish one *calzone*. I have made you *three*. Just wait. You will like it . . . I do."

"So what does that mean?" Don said. "I bet there are a lot of things that I like and you don't."

"Maybe," Gia said. "For instance?"

They stopped dancing.

"Well," Don said, thinking for a moment, "—do you like a foggy day at the beach, for instance?"

"No," Gia said. "I like a sunny day at the beach. Much sun. Much."

"Do you like your windows open way up, all the way, at night?"

"No," Gia said, "I like them shut. I am afraid when they are open."

"Mmmmm," Don said. "Do—do you like sports cars?"

"I would prefer," said Gia, "if I could do all my traveling on a bicycle."

"See?" Don said, "You don't like anything I like. But still you expect *me* to go wild over *your*—"

"*Calzone*," Gia said.

"Yeah . . . *cal-zo-ne*," Don said, trying to imitate her deep accent.

"Awful," Gia said. "Your pronunciation, it is so awful."

And then, suddenly, she began to laugh —a happy, hearty, open laugh.

"I am sorry, Don," she said, after a few moments, "it is impolite, I think, for a girl to laugh so much and so loud. But it just struck me very funny—" she lowered her eyes, and paused "—and I have not laughed like this for a long time, for a very long time."

Don took her chin in his hand and lifted her face to his.

"Like the fly-boys used to say: Mission Accomplished," he said.

"What?" Gia asked.

"It's good to see you laugh, Gia—that's what I said," Don whispered. "And you want to know something? . . . You look more beautiful than ever when you laugh."

They looked at one another now.

And then Don kissed her, lightly, on the forehead first, then on the lips.

And they began to dance again. . . .

The need to be needed

Those next two months were the best either of them had ever known.

When they weren't working—Gia on a picture, Don on some TV assignments—they were together, constantly. They'd drive to the beach, on foggy days and on days of much sun. They'd weekend with friends at Lake Arrowhead or up in Carmel. They'd take long walks, out in the country sometimes, right through the streets of Hollywood other times, and they'd talk and laugh and hold hands, as they got to know one another.

"I love you, Gia," Don said suddenly one afternoon in late December, as they were out walking. "I want to marry you."

The smile that had been on Gia's lips began to fade.

"Don't say that," she whispered, "—please."

"Why not?" Don asked. "I love you," he said. "I love you."

"And I think I love you, too," Gia said. She nodded. "Yes, I think I do. . . . But to talk of marriage already— It is too soon, Don. We haven't known each other long enough, not really."

She took a deep breath.

"And," Gia said, "I must be sure, before I ever say yes to you, Don, I must be sure that you need me."

"But I do need you," Don said. "That's why I'm asking you to marry me. That's the reason any guy asks a girl to marry him, isn't it?"

Gia faced him again. "I mean *need* me," she said. "I mean need *me*, I mean the kind of need that is not satisfied in enjoying my company, in kissing my lips, in talking or walking or being together with me like this. I mean the kind of need that is satisfied in knowing that *I* will be the most important part of your life, forever and ever. In knowing that I must be the person to share everything with you, to help you, to comfort you, to *be* with you—*forever*. . . . A person very close to me once said, Don, that there is nothing more difficult in life than finding the person who truly needs you. I believe this."

"We'll give it time then, won't we?" Don said, taking hold of her hand again.

"Yes," said Gia, "if you will be patient with me. For one way or another, someday, I will know. . . ."

Months passed during which Don and Gia grew closer and closer, and yet as though they mysteriously understood that the right time had not come for them, neither mentioned marriage again. Then one afternoon in March Mrs. Burnett phoned Gia at her studio and invited her to dinner that night. At 6:30, Gia pulled up to the house, reached for a little present for Don's mother and got out of the car.

Don met her at the door of the house.

He was very pale.

His hand seemed to tremble when it took hold of Gia's.

"What's the matter?" Gia asked.

"It's Mom," Don said. "She was in the kitchen, just a little while ago, fixing dinner. Suddenly she had a heart attack. It was so quick. The doctor's with her."

He led Gia into the living room, where Don's father was sitting. Gia walked over to Mr. Burnett, whispered something to him and then she sat beside him and across from Don.

They sat, the three of them, in silence, those next fifteen minutes.

Finally a door opened and the doctor appeared.

"Mr. Burnett," he said, his voice grim, "Don—"

The two men rose and followed him back out of the room.

Gia sat alone now.

She waited.

And as she did, she closed her eyes and remembered the phone call from Mrs. Burnett just a few hours earlier.

"I'm making lamb," the woman had said, "and potatoes nice and brown, just the way you and Don like 'em."

Gia remembered how she'd said no at first, that she couldn't accept the invitation. "Twice last week, twice the week before. You're going to too much trouble, Mrs. Burnett."

And how the woman had said, "Nonsense, Gia. Dad and I like you so much, and we like the fact that *Don* likes you—and we just wish we could see even more of you."

"Lamb, you say?" Gia remembered asking, and laughing. "And browned potatoes?"

"Just the way you and Don like 'em," she remembered Mrs. Burnett saying. "Now be sure to tell those producers of yours that you have to be here early, 6:30 the latest, and—"

Gia's eyes opened suddenly.

Don had come back into the room.

She could tell, immediately, from the look on his face, that his mother was dead.

She watched him as he walked over to where she sat, as he sat alongside her.

She watched his fists clench in his lap.

"Gia," he said, staring at the floor, "Help me. I need you."

Don and Gia were married in a quiet and beautiful ceremony in Los Angeles, California, on August 22, 1959. **END**

Gia will be seen in BATTLE OF THE CORAL SEA, I AIM AT THE STARS, *both Columbia.*



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RETURN TO PEYTON PLACE

by Grace Metalious

A DELL BOOK • **50¢**

The Story of a Hollywood Wife

(Continued from page 43)

fame came in that I began to lose Jim.

"When I first met Jim he was living like a beachcomber and his life was aimless and lonely. He'd come out of the war and didn't know what he wanted to do with himself. I was lonely, too. I'd just gone through an unhappy marriage and had a little boy. I wasn't aware of it, I guess, but I was looking for someone who needed me, someone whom I could love and someone who would make me feel like a woman again after my marriage failure.

I had done some acting at the Pasadena Playhouse and had studied theater at UCLA. A friend told me about a young veteran who seemed to show some rough talent as an actor, but who didn't know how to develop that talent. 'He's living like a drifter,' said my friend. 'Maybe you can help him.'

"So I met Jim. I was both shocked and fascinated by him. He was a tall, scowling string bean. He wore dirty old blue jeans, he needed a shave, he needed a good meal. And he needed someone to care for him.

"His home was a broken-down car which he'd parked on the sand in a remote section of the beach near San Clemente. He'd sleep in the sleeping bag on the beach; when it was too cold he'd sleep in the back of his car. To eat, he'd steal food from the farmers and go into the post office once a month to pick up his small GI check.

"I didn't think of falling in love when I asked to meet him. I thought only that perhaps I could help him get started as an actor, by sharing with him some of the things I had learned, and this in itself would give me something to do to fill my own empty life.

He had nothing then

"Like a true hermit, he was angry at the whole world, and when I met him he looked down at his feet and wouldn't talk. Then I asked him if we couldn't read a play together. His face suddenly lit up and he began to come alive. We talked and I discovered that once he'd lost his sullenness, he had a tremendous charm.

"We began to see each other first as 'teacher' and 'pupil.' We read plays together, we worked on scripts. And we fell in love. He didn't have a cent and nobody, at that time, would have bet a nickel on his chances of ever becoming an actor. But I saw something in him. Maybe it was through the eyes of a woman in love. I tried to tell myself that I was looking at him only as a 'pupil.' But I was kidding myself. The more I was with him, the more deeply in love I fell. Once I penetrated the hostility and crudeness on the surface I discovered a great magnetism that ran like a deep well. He began to become my whole life.

"We were married in Santa Barbara and I started married life with a man who had nothing except the dreams we shared. My father let us live in an old flat in a huge Victorian house he owned. To save Jim's pride, we paid my father $20 a month rent. We fixed up our first home together. Jim steamed off the old, ugly wallpaper and we painted and papered the rooms ourselves. Often we'd stop in the middle of our work just to hold each other close and kiss. We scrimped but we were very happy because we were doing everything together.

"Jim was getting occasional roles in Westerns, and producers were beginning to see the same thing in him that I'd always seen—a vital personality and a rugged talent. I was thoroughly dedicated to him and was happy to be so involved in his life. Those first years of our marriage, when we didn't have a dime, were the happiest of our lives.

"When we learned, during the first year, that we were going to have a baby, I gave up a job I had in my father's company. My parents thought it wasn't right to raise a baby in a cramped little flat and bought us a small house in the Pacific Palisades, with a backyard that faced the ocean.

The beginning of the end

"By the time our second baby, Rolf, came along, seven years ago, Jim was beginning to do well as an actor. He was under contract to John Wayne and it looked as though now, with Jim finally getting recognition, we would be heading for certain paradise. But it didn't turn out that way at all. I didn't know it then, but as my husband came into his own as an actor, I was beginning to lose him. And lose myself.

"When Jim was asked to go on location in Honolulu for Wayne, the wives were invited to go along. I'd just finished nursing our second baby, and Jim and I agreed it would be a wonderful second honeymoon. I went off to the Islands with Jim joyously, never dreaming that this was to start a disastrous turn in our marriage. . . .



I guess I'm lucky. I've never really been a "wallflower." But I do have some advice for any girl who feels like one; read the article called "The Girl Who Hunted Popularity" in the new **INGENUE** *Magazine.*

JILL ST. JOHN

"It was Jim's first experience as a movie actor in an important production. It was my first experience as the wife of a leading man. The social life with this film company in Honolulu was fast and hectic. Up until now, Jim and I had lived very simple, almost elemental lives. In our home in the Palisades, we'd worked and gardened and cooked and had been wrapped up in our three youngsters—Jim treated my son, Craig, like his own.

"Now suddenly we were wrapped up in a social life that was wild and intense. It was a round of parties that lasted until dawn. Beautiful women began to go on the make for my husband. I didn't doubt his faithfulness then—I could see that Jim was often flustered by the attention he received. He didn't know how to take it. This was the first taste of sophisticated living Jim had ever had. He didn't know how to handle it. Neither did I. I'd beg Jim to leave a party and come back to the hotel with me. But he was eating it all up like a child at his first Christmas party. He'd never had any of this kind of fun, and he was enjoying his own importance. There had been no other woman in his life before myself, and it flattered him to see the way beautiful women fell over him.

"But I wasn't enjoying these parties. I'd

just had two babies in a row, and I would tire quickly. Besides, I just couldn't keep up with this fast crowd. I would beg Jim to take me home, but he didn't want to leave any of the parties. Once, I couldn't take a certain party any longer. Everyone was drinking, several women were hanging around Jim and I was left out and miserable. Finally, after asking Jim for the dozenth time to take me home, he turned to me, annoyance on his face, and said, 'Don't be a kill-joy. I'm having fun. If you want to go, you'll have to go by yourself.' I walked home from the party myself, crying all the way. It was our first big quarrel.

"From that time on, I began to lose my husband. But at the time I was blind to it. Jim was set for *Gunsmoke*, and I had a feeling that this would make him a star. I was glad for him, and I think a little frightened, too. For the first time, when he'd come home he wouldn't want to discuss his work with me. We had shared everything before, so I couldn't understand this.

Wives are not welcome

"I began to know what it was like to be the wife of a star. To so many women outside of Hollywood who lead what they think are humdrum lives, it may come as a shock to learn that the 'Hollywood wife' is a very forlorn creature. In this industry, wives are not welcome. Usually, the wife of a star is an irritant to those surrounding her husband. She is often merely tolerated, pushed aside, openly informed by producers and press agents how much better it would have been for her husband's career if he had no wife in tow.

"As I saw Jim drift from me. he seemed even more attractive than ever. I had fallen in love with him when he was shabby, penniless and hostile. Now, added to the natural magnetic personality which began to emerge, was a swagger and a self-confidence that made him more attractive than ever. I had a great yearning to be with him. A yearning that became frustrating because I couldn't have him.

"I tried to win my husband all over again. At night I would dress up for him, look my best as though waiting for a lover. But after sitting up until late, and Jim still not home, I'd doze off. Or else, I'd be so upset that when he did come home he'd find me red-eyed and nervous, and less desirable than I'd ever been.

"As I saw Jim slipping away from me, I felt that part of myself was slipping away. I found myself crying during the day. Poor Jim, it probably was hard on him, too, to come home to a woman who was upset. I couldn't contain my fears any longer. 'I want to be part of you,' I remember once saying, my voice rising hysterically. 'I want to be *part of you.*' Jim looked at me coldly, and walked out. Our house was filled with cold, empty silences. And inside of me that great longing to be Jim's sweetheart again. God, I loved him so.

Couldn't live without him

"He kept telling me to get a divorce if I was so unhappy. It was a simple solution for him, but not for me. I was tied to him body and soul. I couldn't make him understand that I couldn't divorce him because I couldn't live without him.

"The silences were interrupted only by quarrels. One night there was a terrible quarrel. I said, merely as a bluff, 'I guess the time has come for me to get a divorce.' Wishful thinking—I had hoped he would become frightened and hold me in his arms and say, 'No, I don't want to lose you.' Instead, he seemed relieved and said, 'Okay. A divorce. It's best.' And he walked out.

"I couldn't take it. How does a woman forget the man she loves? How does she learn to live without the man who's been her whole life for ten years? I couldn't get Jim out of my mind. There followed long, black nights that even sleeping pills couldn't shorten, and long, grey days in which I mostly lay in a stupor. I begged Jim to come back. His voice was final: 'No. I don't love you.'

"My family worried about me. They urged me to take a trip around the world to forget. *Forget!* Paris. London. Vienna were six thousand miles away, but when I was there I saw Jim's face in the crowds. Hong Kong was a blur—all I wanted was to be with Jim. It was worst of all in Honolulu. This was the last stop on my two months' global trip. I was very nervous when I got off the plane. A heavy, warm wind brought back a thousand old memories—memories of the time, seven years before, when Jim and I had been here together. True, misunderstandings had begun to arise between us then, but Jim had been with me, his love had not turned to coldness and there was still a magic about our marriage. Memories overwhelmed me as I stared out at the tall, old palms that lined the streets as the taxi drove me to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. I broke down and cried in the taxi, feeling unbearably lonely. I left my bags in my room and walked down the beach myself, my head throbbing. 'Jim . . . Jim.' I sobbed to the waves. I ran back to the hotel. In my room I put through a call to him. The walls seemed to close in on me as I waited for Jim to get on the phone. 'Jim,' I cried, 'let's try again. I'm so lost without you. I can't go on.' The room pressed in on me as I heard his words, slow and deliberate, 'No, Virginia. No. You'd better forget it.'

"That's when I fell completely to pieces. I stumbled toward the bathroom. Things didn't appear very real any more. I looked for the razor. I curled up in the bathtub, my head on a towel, and I waited for oblivion. When I felt the razor against my wrist, I relished the hurt. I thought the physical pain would stop my other pain.

"I had almost passed out when someone shook me and I heard voices in a foggy world say, 'She'll be okay.' During the drive to the emergency hospital I was told that Jim had become alarmed at the desperation in my voice and had notified the police in Honolulu to look in on me. My cuts were treated, my wrists bandaged at the hospital. And then, my body drained of blood, my heart drained of hope, I got on the plane for home. . . .

"Yes, it was a foolish thing I did. I lost my head. Friends tell me I was lucky I didn't lose my life. They say I'll get over this and find happiness again. There are three children who need me. I forgot everything and everyone in the pain of loving just one man. Now I know I have lost him, and I must learn to live without him. Dear God, please show me how." END

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FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in February, your birthstone is the amethyst and your flower is the violet or primrose. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

February 1—**Clark Gable**

February 4—**Ida Lupino**

February 5—**Red Buttons**

February 6—**Mamie Van Doren**
Zsa-Zsa Gabor
John Lund
Ronald Reagan

February 8—**Lana Turner**

February 9—**Kathryn Grayson**

February 10—**Jimmy Durante**
Robert Keith
Robert Wagner

February 11—**Leslie Nielsen**

February 12—**Forrest Tucker**

February 13—**Kim Novak**
Lyle Bettger

February 15—**Kevin McCarthy**

February 16—**Peggy King**
Vera-Ellen

February 18—**Jack Palance**

February 19—**Lee Marvin**

February 20—**Norma Moore**
Patricia Smith

February 21—**Dane Clark**
Guy Mitchell

February 22—**Robert Young**

February 23—**Race Gentry**

February 24—**Barbara Lawrence**
Marjorie Main

February 26—**Betty Hutton**
Peter Lorre
Tony Randall

February 27—**Joan Bennett**
Elizabeth Taylor
Reginald Gardiner

February 29—**Arthur Franz**



Sir Cedric Hardwicke
February 9



Thelma Ritter
February 14



Adolphe Menjou
February 18



Ann Sheridan
February 21

The House of Terrified Women

(Continued from page 28)

dreaming, with her large blue eyes wide open, peering through the darkness, and beyond that darkness . . . dreaming back to an actual night in her life, nine years ago, when she was eleven.

She remembered it so well, so vividly, her first night in show business. Her parents had driven her to the radio station. Her uncle, Bing, had taken her hand and led her into the studio and over to the microphone. "And now folks, I'd like to introduce," he had said, "a brand new singer, a sweet kid, my niece . . . Miss Cathy Crosby!" There had been applause, she remembered. Then silence. And then she had begun to sing her song, *Dear Hearts and Gentle People.*

Remembering, dreaming back, she began to hum that same song now.

She stopped suddenly when she heard the footsteps outside her door.

She figured that it was probably a night nurse, making her rounds, listening at doorways to see if you were asleep.

So she stopped her singing, and she waited, in the darkness, staring vacantly at a shadow on the wall ahead of her, until the footsteps—having stopped, too—moved on down the long and silent hallway of this place, this hospital, this institution, as some people called it.

And then, once again, still sitting up in her bed, the beautiful girl with the large blue eyes continued with her song. . . .

Preying on his mind

It was a few minutes after 10:40 that night when Bob Crosby entered the big house at 220 N. Layton Drive. He parked the golf clubs he was carrying in a foyer closet (he'd been playing that afternoon with Vice President Richard Nixon and actors Robert Sterling and George Murphy) and he walked into the living room.

His wife, June, was upstairs at the time, in her eight-year-old daughter Malia's bedroom. The little girl had been suffering from a bad cold all that day, she had a slight fever now, she couldn't sleep, and June had been sitting with her this past hour or so reading to her.

When June heard her husband enter, she lay down the book, got up from her chair and walked to the door.

"Bob," she called, when she saw him.

She waited for him to answer.

Instead, she saw, he stood there motionless, in the center of the living room for a moment, mumbling to himself; and then he began to walk towards the big mirrored cabinet at the far end of the room, the cabinet where the whisky was.

June turned now, too, and walked back into Malia's room, leaving the door open behind her.

"What's the matter?" the little girl asked, softly, from her bed, seeing the look of worry, and fear, in her mother's eyes.

"Nothing," June whispered.

"Is Daddy home?"

June nodded.

Then she walked over to the little girl's bed and took her hand in hers.

It was preying on his mind, June knew—preying on his mind, terribly. She could tell by the way he had looked a moment before. She could tell by the way he had looked that morning, when they'd gone to have a talk with Cathy's doctor.

"What do you mean a complete breakdown?" he'd asked the doctor then. "I thought she only needed a week here. And now it's a month and she's still here. . . . What do you mean a *complete* breakdown, a *mental* breakdown?" he'd asked the doctor.

June's hand, still clutching Malia's, began to tremble now.

"Mommy," the little girl asked, "are you all right, Mommy?"

"Yes," June said. "Yes. Shhhhh. Yes."

She looked away from her daughter and towards the door again.

She wished that her sons, Chris and Bobby and Steve, were back home from that party they'd gone to.

She wished, with all her heart, that Cathy were home, too, instead of in that place. . . .

Something is wrong

Cathy got out of her bed and rushed to a chair near the window and sat.

The feeling of faintness had overtaken her suddenly. She'd been singing one moment, remembering the nice tune, the nice night. And then her head had begun to spin and the tightness had grabbed at her stomach and she'd felt sick.

Something is wrong, she thought, sitting on the chair now, looking out the window, at the night. *Somewhere, somehow, something is wrong.*

She closed her eyes, tight.

She didn't want to think about trouble.

The doctor had told her that she was here to rest, that she must rest as much as possible, and think pleasant thoughts, especially at night, at bedtime.

She had tried, too. Tried very hard. Every night this past long month.

But it was no use trying now.

Because she knew, deep down inside herself, that there was trouble.

And she thought of her father.

She saw him very clearly, though her eyes were still closed.

He was standing in front of her, looking at her, saying nothing.

He stood there for what seemed to be a very long time. And then he stepped back, back away from her, back in time, and into the den of their house.

He'd yelled at her mother that night, Cathy remembered. He'd yelled long and loud. He'd yelled so much that Cathy, nine years old then, listening from the staircase, had run over to him and begged him to stop. He'd ordered her up to her room instead. And she'd gone. And for half an hour more, an hour more, she'd heard the yelling continue. Till finally it had ended and her mother had come to her room and they'd both sat and cried.

"Does it mean . . . when Daddy fights with you . . . does it mean he doesn't love you any more?" Cathy had asked her mother that night.

"Of course he loves me, baby," her mother had said, wiping away her tears, and her daughter's. "This was just an argument. He's nervous about his work. Something happened today and—"

She'd paused.

"Today he got a wire," she'd said then. "It was from this booking agent in Atlantic City. This man said he'd just heard that Daddy doesn't like any mention of his brother in any advertising, for any show he and the band are scheduled to do. And this man, he wired that either he be allowed to advertise daddy as 'Bing Crosby's brother,' or else not to bother to come.

"And so Daddy was nervous tonight. And he had to pick on somebody. And he picked on me.

"It's all happened before. It'll happen again . . . I guess that's just the way it's got to be."

"And the fights you have," Cathy had

asked, when her mother was finished explaining, "they don't mean that Daddy doesn't love you any more?"

"Of course not," June had said.

"Because if he doesn't love you," Cathy had said, "how could he love me—or anybody . . . ?"

"He loves us, you and me," her mother had said. "Very much. . . . Believe me."

"I hope so, Mommy," Cathy had said. "I hope so. . . ."

"I wish we were closer . . ."

"Oh, I hoped so, so much," she said to herself now, sitting there in that hospital room, alone, remembering.

And as she said that, she saw his face again, in front of her, pale and angry.

This time he was yelling at *her.*

"Who were you out with tonight?" he asked.

"Dino," Cathy said.

"I told you to stop seeing him," he said.

"I love him, Daddy," Cathy said.

"I don't care," he said. "He's too old for you, for just one thing."

"Thirteen years difference isn't that much," Cathy said.

"He's divorced," her father said. "Doesn't that mean anything to you as a Catholic?"

"I *love* him," Cathy said. "That's all that means anything to me right now."

Her father's voice became louder.

"Have I denied you anything, before, ever, in your life?" he asked. ". . . How many other seventeen-year-old girls have gotten all the things I've given you?"

"Not many," Cathy whispered, almost methodically, looking down.

"You have a convertible, pink and black, just the way you like it?"

"Yes."

"You have pretty clothes? Closets of them?"

"Yes."

"Have you gotten everything from me you've ever wanted?"

This time Cathy didn't answer.

"Well?" he asked.

Cathy looked up and stepped towards him and put her arms around him. "Sometimes," she said, "sometimes, Daddy, I've wished we could have been closer to each other. Sometimes I've wished there could have been fewer fights between us. Like now, Daddy. I know you're thinking about me. *It's for her own good*—I know that's what you're saying to yourself through all this. Just like you said the other times, with any other boyfriends I ever had, when you told me to get rid of *them.* 'It's for her own good' you're telling yourself, and—"

But her father didn't seem to be listening to her.

"I don't want you to see this Dino Castelli anymore," he said, interrupting.

"I love him," Cathy said.

"I don't want you to see *him,*" he said, "and, for the time being, I don't want you getting interested in *anyone* . . . You're still just a baby, Cathy. Remember that. You don't know what you're doing. You're like most kids today. With crazy ideas about life, romance, everything. Newfangled ideas about morality. Bad ideas. You take the Ten Commandments, and if there's one of them you don't like—"

He stopped, and he removed Cathy's hands from around his waist.

"Now get to bed," he said.

"Something I'm not guilty of . . ."

Cathy didn't move.

"Did you hear me? Get to bed," he said. "And from this moment on I want you to start acting respectable." He shouted the word. "Respectable!"

"I haven't done anything wrong," Cathy said, still not moving.

"Oh Daddy, oh Daddy," Cathy said, fighting back the tears. "What do you want from me? What do you expect me to do? Do you want me to go upstairs and lock myself in my room and stay there the rest of my life? Do you want me to get on my knees and beg your forgiveness for something I'm not guilty of?"

She gasped.

"Or do you just want me to go away?" she asked, suddenly.

He turned back to her.

"Is that what *you* really want to do," he asked, "go away?"

Cathy shook her head. "I don't know. . . . I don't know what I want any more, Daddy," she said. "I'm so confused."

"I've said what I have to say," he told her. "Now you do what you want."

"Please, Daddy—" Cathy started to say.

"And if you *do* go," he cut in, "be sure to leave your car keys. I'll call you a cab."

And with that he left the room. . . .

The memories of what had happened after that moment rushed through Cathy's mind now. The cab that came to pick her up the next day. The flight to that tiny apartment on Dohany Drive. The two years on her own, making ends meet with the money she got from a few scattered nightclub and TV appearances. The breaking off with Dino in that time. The complete loneliness—broken only by occasional secret visits with her mother. The attempt at a reconciliation with her father last April, arranged and prayed for by her mother. The dinner at home again that night. The smiles from her dad. The hugging and the kissing and the tears of joy. And then—a few weeks later—the fights again, the bitter tears again, the bad words all over again, just like the old days. Until there was another flight, another apartment, another period of terrible loneliness and confusion.

Until there came that night, last month, when she could cope with it no longer.

And she collapsed.

And she was brought here, to this place. . . .

She opened her eyes and rose from her chair and walked across the dark little room to a sink.

She filled a glass with water and brought it to her lips.

There's trouble again, she thought, *—tonight. I know.*

The house of terrified women

At the big house, at that moment, Bob Crosby put down the glass he'd been holding, rose and went to Malia's room.

According to June, his wife, this is what happened next:

"He walked into the room and I could see he was feeling belligerent, that something was wrong. I suppose he had been drinking quite a bit. He usually does drink. I wanted to ask him where he'd been since his golf game ended. Except that I'm not supposed to ask. He has a persecution complex. He thinks everyone is against him.

"Yes, I could see that something was wrong, by the way he was still talking to himself, by the look in his eyes. I didn't want any trouble in the baby's room. So I got off her bed and went to another room. I called our doctor and asked him if there was anything I could do. The doctor said no, just to keep quiet and not to get into an argument with him.

"I went back to Malia's room, to see if he was still there. He was. As soon as he saw me this time he began to shout. It was something about where were the boys and why weren't they home yet. I know it was mostly Cathy's being in the hospital that was preying on his mind. But he didn't mention that.

"Then, suddenly, in the presence of Malia, he began to walk over towards me and he began to beat me. He beat me unmercifully. He hit me about the head



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new movies

(*Continued from page 6*)

HOUND-DOG MAN

Fabian
Carol Lynley
Stuart Whitman
Arthur O'Connell
Betty Field

country living

▪ Fabian wants to go hunting with the hound-dog man (Stuart Whitman). Fabian's dad, Arthur O'Connell, convinces Betty Field that their son is old enough to let go of her apron strings. Off he and his kid brother trot. They don't go far before they meet Carol Lynley and friend. Whitman, who doesn't believe much in marriage, (and who would take in all those hounds?) should never have set eyes on Carol. He and the boys turn up at her family's farm with a turkey and some sassy behavior that gets them kicked right back onto the trail again. There they find one of their pals lying helpless in a ditch (broken leg) and Fabian rides into town for the doctor. After the leg-setting there's a big party to which the whole county comes. Fabian sings, everybody dances in the barn. Fabian stops singing when he sees his girl (Dodie Stevens) snuggling up to another fellow. All the music stops when a jealous husband tries to blast Whitman out of a hayloft. Fabian's father is the only man in the crowd who'll stand up to the bully. Makes Fabian decide home isn't such a bad place after all, not with a man like his father in it. It's a homespun, happy kind of movie.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

David Niven
Mitzi Gaynor
Carl Reiner
Monique Van Vooren
Patty Duke

a husband confesses

▪ For nearly thirteen years David Niven and his bride (Mitzi Gaynor) have been living in Gramercy Park. It's been swell. He's successful, she's chic, the kids (Kevin Coughlin, Patty Duke) are understanding. And a TV set has never crossed the threshold. Until tonight, the eve of their 13th anniversary. The TV set crosses, followed by its donors—Mitzi's mother and father. David tries to control himself all through a champagne dinner. Finally he lets the cat out of the bag. Yes, we've been *legally* married thirteen years, he says. But illegally? Ha-ha. Fourteen. The thought of that first, illegal year sends his in-laws home in a helpless rage. Niven kicks in the TV screen. Mitzi locks the bedroom door. Patty goes on a TV show to discuss her parents' pre-marital problems before a panel of her peers. By this time a second TV set has arrived in the Niven home. Just in time for Niven to kick in the screen. So much for his marriage. He's through. His in-laws are through, too. Niven's business partner (Carl Reiner) and a client, divorcee Monique Van Vooren, are in and out trying to patch things up. It's much ado about not very much, but the acting's pleasant.—UNITED ARTISTS.

THE FLYING FONTAINES

Joan Evans
Michael Callan
Roger Perry
Evy Norlund
Joe de Santis

daring young men

▪ Out of the Army, Michael Callan returns to the 'big top' where he was a star on the flying trapeze. First disappointment: his old girl (Joan Evans) has married his old catcher (on the trapeze) Roger Perry. Second disappointment: Mike thinks he's found a new girl (Evy Norlund) but *she's* engaged to Rian Garrick who replaced Mike in the air. Third disappointment: Mike's father (Joe de Santis) hasn't changed a bit; he still thinks Mike needs more training before he can join the biggest circus of all, Ringling Brothers. Well, all of this could drive a boy to drink. But when a boy's drunk he shouldn't try to fly. In an attempt to save Mike's neck Rian Garrick falls and breaks a few bones, which makes him afraid ever after of trapezes. Rian becomes a bitter clown; he's bitter because his girl, Evy, likes Mike more and more. Mike, the show-off, does good deeds—such as not handing Rian over to the cops when Rian cuts a rope that holds up the trapeze, such as telling Joan to go back to her husband when Joan decides to make a play for *him*. If only Rian would stop seeking revenge everything would be okay. The movie picks up whenever it's focused on the circus itself.—TECHNICOLOR, COLUMBIA.

A TOUCH OF LARCENY

James Mason
Vera Miles
George Sanders
Harry Townes
Robert Fleming

outrageous comedy

▪ Once a war hero, never a husband, James Mason is the freest soul in the British Admiralty. That is, he is the freest with women. Women adore him, even married women, even women who ought to know better. Like American widow Vera Miles. Vera has come to London to marry George Sanders who has a rather stilted charm but, considering his vast wealth and potentialities as a diplomat (he's about to become an ambassador), it sits well on him. When George dashes off to Brussels (duty calls) James spirits Vera onto a sailboat. *Marry you?* she says, shakily, *don't be silly.* James admits that the only asset he lacks is money but he has a fantastic scheme to get some—loads of some. His idea is to overstay his naval leave, after hiding a top secret file, and to shipwreck himself. While he is sitting comfortably on a little island the newspapers will accuse him of delivering information to a rival power. Then he has only to return, prove his innocence and sue the press for defamation of character. *You wouldn't, you couldn't*—says Vera, completely enchanted. Of course he would and he could and he does. He is a terrible fraud. And the worse he behaves the more delightful this movie gets.—PARAMOUNT.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING (20th-Fox): Point One: All the men in New York are either immoral, amoral, married or drunk, and they all seem to work at the Fabian Publishing Co. Point two: all the appealing ladies (Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, Suzy Parker, Hope Lange, Martha Hyer) who also toil for Fabian become hopelessly involved with these no-goods. The somewhat forlorn message here seems to be that true love and careers do not always mix well.

BELOVED INFIDEL (20th-Fox): F. Scott Fitzgerald, outstanding American novelist, had a romance with Sheilah Graham, Hollywood columnist. A natural for a movie? You bet! Gregory Peck and Deborah Kerr, as the lovers, are introduced by Peck's friend Eddie Albert (playing the late Robert Benchley). Peck's much-loved wife has been ill for years, he drinks, his writing is nearly nil. But, the romance which begins on this doomed note brings happiness too late for Peck, just in time for Deborah.

THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE (MGM): There's a gale blowing in the English Channel and two ships collide in the night. Charlton Heston and Ben Wright, aboard the *Sea Witch,* find the *Mary Deare* in flames, with one lifeboat and sailing to a rocky graveyard. Captain Gary Cooper, the almost-mad sole survivor, grabs Heston from behind. When the Captain calms down, he finally begins the strange story that ends in a London Court of Inquiry.

and nose and he broke one of my ribs.

"While he was hitting me I saw Malia, in her bed, watching, terrified. Then I saw this letter opener on the bureau. I picked it up. I didn't mean to hurt him. I deliberately tried to inflict as minor damage as possible to scare him and make him stop beating me.

"When I saw the blood on his shirt, I dropped the letter opener to the floor and rushed to the phone again. This time I called the Beverly Hills police. I was in a panic. I said, 'I've just stabbed my husband,' and asked them to send over an ambulance, fast.

"But he was gone, out of the house, a few minutes later.

"Later I was to find out that he went to his brother Bing's, and spent the night there. That he was to pass off the incident by saying, 'I really don't think June intended to do anything. She just got mad, so mad she didn't know what she was doing. We've had family arguments before. I guess this one just exploded.'

"He said, too, 'I'm not a wife-beater. I didn't lay a finger on my wife. If my wife is hurt, it's only because I had to use force to take the letter opener away from her. I'm the one who got stabbed, not her.'

"It's true. I'm not the one who got stabbed. Not with a letter opener.

"But for twenty-one years now I've been taking this, these constant arguments, constant fights. If you live with Bob on the inside you know he's not the easy-going Crosby that the public imagines him to be. . . . This has been going on for twenty-one years. And I've had it, finally. I've put up with it for the sake of the children. Twice—once in 1943 and once in 1956—I started divorce proceedings against Bob. Both times I changed my mind. I took him back both times. But after everything now, this night, I've had it. I'll never take him back. This is the end."

What could be wrong?

At 12:05 that night, the nurse heard a report of the Crosby incident on the radio. At 12:20, while making her rounds of the hospital, she decided to have a look in Cathy's room.

She was surprised to see Cathy, not in bed, but standing near the sink.

She was about to say something.

But before she had a chance, Cathy turned towards her and asked, "*Is* something wrong? Is that what you've come to tell me?"

The nurse shook her head.

"Of course not," she said. "Nothing's wrong. Nothing at all . . . I was just checking the room down the hall and—"

She stopped as she saw Cathy begin to lean against the sink, hard, and grab it with her hands, as if she might fall. She rushed over to the girl, put her arm around her waist and began to lead her to the bed.

"Is it a bad dream you've been having tonight?" the nurse asked.

Cathy shrugged, "I . . . I don't know."

The nurse helped her into the bed, and then she lifted a sheet over her.

"Well," she said, "the dream is over and done with and now you're ready for a good night's sleep, eh?"

Cathy didn't answer.

"My, what a lovely night it is," the nurse said, suddenly, turning towards the window and looking out. "Just lovely. . . . And tomorrow, tomorrow should be just as nice. I hope so, anyway. Because tomorrow, right after breakfast, we're all going to take a walk on the grounds. And pick flowers."

She had walked to the door and snapped off the light when she heard the girl ask, "And nothing's wrong?"

She forced a great big smile.

"Really, child—what could be wrong on such a lovely night as this?" she said. **END**

The Two Faces of Troy Donahue

(Continued from page 50)

And what happened? When she caught him making love to another girl in his apartment—while they were still going steady for two years—and demanded an explanation, he threw her out bodily—!"

Could this be one and the same Troy Donahue?

It is!

But how could a fellow like Troy have such a wonderful reputation with some people, and create such a strong antipathy with others? Why has it never been brought to the surface before? And what turned him into the kind of guy he is—which is a far cry from the typical young Hollywood leading man type of the Tab Hunter, Rock Hudson, Edd Byrnes tradition?

Those who know him closely agree that there is in Troy a temper, a fire, a drive, an ambition that seems in direct contrast to the easy-going, pleasing mannerisms that has endeared him to Hollywood mothers and daughters alike.

Much of the answer to Troy's twin behavior can be found in his own background.

Troy's father was the head of General Motors' motion picture division. His mother was a stage actress, who retired after her marriage. The Johnsons—Troy's real name was Merle Johnson, Jr. until agent Henry Willson changed it to Troy Donahue—had a fashionable home in Long Island, and an equally fashionable apartment on New York's East Side.

Troy himself attended some of the best schools in the country, including the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson in upstate New York. And if it hadn't been for a severe knee injury he suffered during a track meet in his senior year, he would have continued to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Undoubtedly he had all the advantages of a rich man's son.

And this is where his trouble started.

He remembers being sent to first grade in flannel slacks, jacket, white shirt and imported tie, and expensive custom-made moccasins which were in dire contrast to the dungarees and tee shirts worn by the other boys. Right away they treated him like Little Lord Fauntleroy.

During the very first recess, Troy found himself at the bottom of the heap of six boys who were beating up on him, and tearing his clothes to shreds. Yet when he came home he would not tell his parents what happened, and why. But thereafter, he tried to assimilate in his own way. On the way to school he would mess up his clothes by rolling in the dirt, by tearing his shirt, by ripping off buttons.

In wanting to look like the other boys, however, he went overboard to such an extent that the teacher finally sent a note to his parents, demanding to know why they sent him to school looking like a little tramp. As a result, he got it from the other side too. They could not understand how a boy like Troy, raised by a governess, could feel so indifferent about his own appearance!

Troy's attempts to be like others continued to get him in trouble.

He was twelve when he snitched his father's double-barrelled shotgun out of the glass-enclosed cabinet in the den, and sneaked out of the house to meet a pal, with whom he went on a hunting expedition.

They stalked through the swampy area near the Johnsons' Long Island home, but the only thing they could find were some crows. It was good enough for them. Troy fired two shots in quick succession before he reloaded and handed the gun to his friend, who managed to get off just one more shot before they heard someone call out.

"Wouldn't it be funny if this were a cop?" Troy giggled.

"Sure would be," his friend agreed.

It was! A few seconds later they were whisked to the nearest station. and booked on six counts—hunting out of season, hunting without a license, hunting in a residential area, trespassing, walking around with a loaded gun, and carrying a gun while being under age!

Needless to say, his father was not in a cheerful mood when he had to bail out his son.

It wasn't long, however, till even the restraint of his father was gone. Merle Johnson died when Troy was barely fourteen. Yet if anything, Troy's ambition to be accepted by the group, to be one of them, to be important in his own rights, grew with age.

At fourteen, except for his family's wealth—which he tried to ignore—there were other things he felt he could boast about to raise his importance, such as the famous people he met at his house, and the trips he had taken. But instead of winning his fellow students' respect, he earned their jealousies.

The situation changed for the better in the next couple of years, when Troy shot up to nearly his present six-foot three. Tall, well-built, and strong, he became a member of almost every athletic team in school, and was instrumental in winning victory after victory for it. And with it, the adulation and admiration of his fellow students.

Troy wanted more than just to prove himself on the football. baseball and basketball field. He wanted to be accepted so badly that he went to any length to achieve being a "regular" guy. This often ran counter to Mrs. Johnson's wishes.

The relationship between Troy and his mother had become strained already during his father's long illness. Looking back, he now recognizes the tremendous responsibility she took on when her husband became incapable of making decisions, and it was entirely up to her to raise Troy and his younger sister, Eve, who is now fifteen.

Yet Troy began to resent more and more what he considered his mother's over-concern. He was afraid she would make a sissy out of him, by keeping him from doing what the other boys did. And so he rebelled—never realizing that the other boys' parents were often just as opposed to their offsprings' actions as she was.

For instance, after ball games the other boys would frequently sneak off to a little beer joint, strictly off-limits to them. When Troy's mother heard about it, she promptly forbade her son to go along. He did anyway. When he was seen by a friend of the family, who told his mother, she bawled him out right in front of his classmates when he came home. This made him feel all the worse.

Thereafter he would often sneak out after his mother was asleep, usually through the bedroom window.

Troy got away with it till he attended a senior party one night, where everyone had a lot more to drink than was good for them. Troy himself drank so much that he felt ill, and scared. All he wanted was to get back to his house, and his bed. He never made it.

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It's hardly a secret that little boys practically worship two-gun heroes like Hugh (Wyatt Earp) O'Brian and Jim (Maverick) Garner—especially in Arizona, where Indians are a dime a dozen and cowboys still ride the desert range.

Hugh tells this one on himself, in connection with a benefit he did for the Scottsdale Boys' Club near Phoenix.

The benefit was staged at the swank Paradise Valley Racquet Club, and small-fry sons of the members pestered the daylights out of their dads to get them Wyatt Earp autographs. The most insistent fan was Tommy Woods, aged seven.

Hugh was just emerging from a shower in the Racquet Club locker room when Tommy barged in, eluding his father's grasp. The boy's father, who had become somewhat chummy with Hugh the previous evening, hastily performed an embarrassed introduction.

"Tommy, this is Wyatt Earp," he said. "Mr. Earp—my son, Tommy."

"How are you, Tommy?" Hugh said cordially, extending a dripping hand.

"Okay," replied the lad, staring up at the naked hero, whom he had a hard time recognizing. "If you're Wyatt Earp, where are your guns?"

"I don't wear them in the shower," said Hugh, somewhat taken aback. "I . . . uh . . . I left 'em in my locker."

"I'll wait," Tommy said suspiciously "You don't look like Wyatt Earp to me. You know Annie Oakley?"

"Sure do."

"Can you shoot better'n she can?"

Hugh hedged. "Never met the lady in a contest," he said.

"Any man that can let a woman shoot better ain't much," the boy said critically. "If you're really Wyatt Earp I gotta see your guns."

"Come to think of it," said Hugh, thinking fast, "I let a fellow borrow those guns for a spell. Fellow named Maverick. Goes by the name of James Garner sometimes."

"DO YOU KNOW JAMES GARNER?"

"Personal friend of mine. Taught him how to shoot."

"Gee," Tommy said faintly. "Gee." He obviously thought Jim Garner is The Greatest. "You must be all right, then. I guess you really are Wyatt Earp. What did Mr. Garner borrow your guns for?"

Still dripping from his shower, Hugh had an inspiration. Bending down, he put an arm around the little boy and whispered, "Can you keep a secret, son?" His erstwhile skeptic nodded. "Don't let this get out," Hugh said, "but that fellow Garner is on the warpath. Some Arizona Indians crossed him."

"Apaches!"

"Right," said Hugh grimly. "Now if you'll excuse me, before this air-conditioning gives me pneumonia."

"Sure, Mr. Earp," said Tommy respectfully.

He made his father take him home immediately in order to inform his mother, in sworn secrecy, that no Arizona woman need fear those diehard Apaches any more. Two-Gun Garner was on the warpath! And Wyatt Earp sent him!

MAVERICK RESCUES WYATT EARP

(in the shower)



A friend drove him back to his place at three o'clock in the morning. As Troy was trying to raise himself up to the porch, he fell over the lawn furniture which, in turn, collapsed with a big bang. "I can still see my mother come running out of the house," he remembers, "shouting that if I could stay out this late, I might as well stay out a little longer, and slammed the door in my face. I crawled back on the lawn and fell asleep. It was ten o'clock the next morning when I woke up—just in time to see people stop on their way to church. I'll never forget those expressions as they saw me on the front lawn, still dressed in a tuxedo, obviously sleeping off a hangover—"

The unruliness, the rebellion continued. Troy was just about to get his driver's license at sixteen, when he was out with a group of friends, one of whom let him drive his car. He got caught by the police for going through a red light. The offense, in itself, was not too serious. But when the officer found out he only had a student's license and was not allowed to drive without an adult next to him, he promptly called Troy's mother. Mrs. Johnson became so upset that although he was supposed to have gotten his license two days later—and a car with it—she told him he would have to wait a full year before she would allow him to get his own car.

Again her strictness had the opposite effect.

To show his independence, one night Troy sneaked out of the house and headed for the garage. With all the strength he could muster he rolled out the family car and drove off, to pick up a girlfriend.

As bad luck would have it, about an hour later his mother decided to visit some friends. She didn't check Troy's room to see if he was still there, asleep. When she realized her car had disappeared, she naturally presumed it was stolen, and notified the police. An all-car alert was promptly put out via police short wave, giving the license number and description of the 'stolen' car, a brand new Cadillac convertible.

A cop finally found it parked in front of a drugstore. "Who's been driving the Cadillac?" he demanded in a loud voice when he walked in. Without hesitation, Troy—who was having a soda with his girl, and another couple—admitted it was he. To his humiliation the policeman handcuffed him, and dragged him to the nearest police station to book him for theft. Not till his mother was notified was the mystery cleared up, and Troy released.

Mrs. Johnson hoped that a military school would straighten out her boy. For a while it looked like she was right.

Troy rather enjoyed his life at the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. He did so well—both academically and in sports—that he became a student officer. Yet even this couldn't keep him out of trouble, indefinitely.

In his class was a Cuban boy, nicknamed *Gato, the Cat.* He was a tall, quiet, strange sort of boy who didn't associate with others, and a fanatic about cleanliness and health. While other students would get out of bed at 5:40 in the morning, he got up at 4:30 to do calisthenics on the parade ground. He brushed his teeth ten times a day. To sneeze in his presence was a sin to him.

His behavior caused the other fellows to constantly play tricks on him, particularly since Gato was not considered too bright. One day, Troy remembered, one of the cadets told him that if he would stick his finger into a light socket, he would light up. He did. And got knocked out. It was a miracle he wasn't killed!

Gato particularly didn't like Troy because the two of them had been in competition for high jumping for some time, with

Troy, the top athlete of the school, always outdoing him.

One day as the cadets were sitting around the high jumping pit, looking at all the earthworms crawling around in it, one of the boys got an idea. Why not take a handful of these worms and put them on Gato's pillow?

Everyone thought it was a hilarious joke, but who would do it?

Troy volunteered. He picked up a handful of the earthworms and carried them to Gato's pillow.

Three minutes later the dormitory door flew open, and Gato rushed out and across the parade grounds straight to the commandant's office.

The commandant had a hard time containing himself, but had no choice but to promise the boy proper disciplinary action. During the final inspection of the day, Gato was permitted to step forward and ask his officer—Troy—for permission to speak up. "As all of you know, someone put worms on my pillow," he shouted. "If whoever did it is not too much of a coward, I want him to admit it now."

Troy took a step forward. Before he knew what had happened, Gato had hit him like a freight train. It took half a dozen men to pull them apart again, bloody and exhausted from the brief but violent encounter. The commandant promptly told them that if they wanted to fight, they should do it with gloves on, in the gym. They agreed.

In spite of the gloves' cushioning effect, the result was probably the longest and most brutal fight in the history of the military academy, with Troy getting the better of Gato but, as he admits, not much better. Yet when it was over, Gato's anger was satisfied. He was willing to shake hands, and eventually he and Troy became the best of friends.

Troy learned a very fundamental lesson that day. If anything has to be done, good or bad, it should be done promptly and openly, and not held back. If he hadn't stepped forward that day, Gato's suspicion might have grown to where they could never have made up.

By the time he came to Hollywood, Troy felt he had outgrown any tendency to be hurt. He soon found out differently. What's more, when a crisis arose, he continued to resort to his fists to settle it.

Shortly after he arrived in California, he took a group of friends to Gogi's, a coffee shop on the Sunset Strip. In contrast to a lot of other customers, Troy was extremely well dressed. Furthermore, he still had enough money left to pay the bill for the five of them—which caused a disgruntled beatnik at one of the tables to make a crack about the big, tall, New York show-off who was all dressed up like a Christmas tree.

Troy turned for an appropriate reply. Before he got very far, the beatnik stormed toward him.

Troy was tall and strong enough to have held the man at bay. But his temper blew up and with four well-laid punches, he was laid out flat.

Five minutes later he found himself in a police car, bound for headquarters. Only an influential friend's influence managed to cover up the incident.

Yet behind this aggressiveness, there is another side to Troy, equally, if not more powerful—a sensitive, understanding maturity far beyond his years. And contradictory as it may sound, his early environment was responsible for this, too. Particularly the death of his father.

Till Troy was twelve years old, he could never remember a single day that his father was sick. In fact, he was probably the healthiest, most athletic type of man he ever knew. The first indication that something was wrong occurred the afternoon they playfully wrestled on the front lawn. To the surprise of both of them, Troy managed rather easily to pin his father on his back.

For days after, the older man began to feel weaker and weaker, till he went to the Columbia Medical Center in New York City, for a complete check-up.

Nothing could be found wrong at the time.

As the weeks went by, he grew weaker, without any apparent reason. A painful ripple developed in his muscles, which made it continually harder for him to move, till he finally decided to go to Johns Hopkins' Hospital, near Baltimore, Maryland, for another check-up. This time the doctors quickly discovered the trouble—hopeless, acute sclerosis, which would paralyze him progressively until it would finally draw life out of him completely.

Only they didn't tell him, because obviously he didn't want to be told. And so they described it as a disease with similar symptoms, and hopes of complete recovery.

But someone had to be told the truth, and that's how it came about that Mrs. Johnson and Troy were to share the awful burden till his death. For two years Troy lived with the knowledge that his father would die without anyone being able to do anything about it.

"At first I couldn't believe it myself," Troy remembers. "To make it worse I was plagued by a feeling of guilt whenever I visited him. I did things which weren't right, yet mother never told him. On the contrary, she assured him how wonderfully behaved I was, which made me feel all the worse. Oh how I wished the things she told him about me were true—yet it seemed the more glowing terms she used, the stronger my reaction to do the opposite—the worse I felt about it. It was an uncontrollable, vicious circle."

Every time Troy visited his father at the hospital, the old man was a little bit more paralyzed, to where finally he could only make known what he wanted with the help of a chart on the wall. Only six people—Troy included—would be able to point to one of the drawings, and according to the way Merle Johnson blinked his eye, knew what he wanted, whether it was to eat, to rest, to get a bath, whatever it was.

In spite of everyone's attempts to keep the truth from him, Merle Johnson finally realized he was dying. But then he had but one day of life left in him.

Troy found this out when he visited his father that afternoon. Merle Johnson somehow managed to tell him to take his gold watch from the night-stand. "It was his most cherished possession," Troy recalls with sadness in his voice. "When he gave it to me, I knew he'd lost hope. . . ."

Troy was sitting in an ice cream parlor with two friends the next day when the maid ran in breathlessly. "Come home right away!" she shrieked.

Troy looked at her with quiet composure, "Dad?"

She broke into tears. He knew the answer.

The other fellows were surprised that Troy didn't seem shocked, or hurt. Quietly and dutifully he went home and then helped his mother make the necessary ar-

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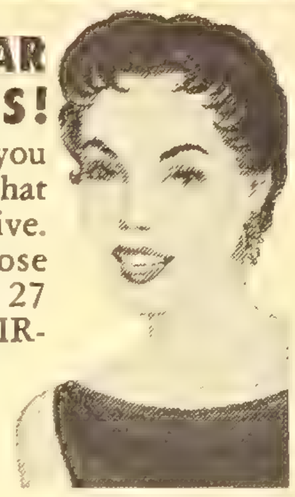
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rangements for the funeral and after.

"My immediate feeling was one of relief that Dad's suffering was over. It took me months to find out what I had really lost when he passed away."

Yet after his father's death, instead of becoming more dependent on his mother, his own feeling of independence grew. Partly he was still afraid to become a mama's boy if he couldn't assert himself, partly he felt that he was now the man in the family who, in spite of his young age, should have a voice in determining at least his own future. And so, when it came to a most important choice—which career to pursue—he found himself opposed to his mother's wishes.

Through her own career in showbusiness, as well as her husband's position as head of the motion picture section for General Motors, Mrs. Johnson had been close enough to the entertainment business to be aware of the disappointments it could bring. She didn't want Troy to face a life full of doubts and insecurities.

From riches to rags

On the other hand, once his knee injury prevented his appointment to West Point, Troy had made up his mind to become an actor anyway. He took up dramatics in school and when he still couldn't get his mother's support, after his graduation, he saw no choice but to walk out of the family home, almost penniless.

For almost two years he subsisted on whatever he could make as a messenger boy, construction laborer, waiter, counselor at boys camp and other odd jobs which enabled him to study acting under Ezra Stone and get further experience in summer stock. He lived in cold water walk-up flats, the YMCA. He often got along on one meal a day, determined to succeed without asking his mother for help. Once he was so broke that he had to walk seventy-six blocks to save a dime subway fare.

It was Darrell Brady, an old friend of his father's who brought him to Hollywood by offering him a job with his commercial film company. It was another friend, actress Fran Bennett, who introduced Troy to her agent, Henry Willson, who in turn was responsible for getting Troy a test at Universal-International, which eventually led to the lead opposite Sandra Dee in *A Summer Place*, and as a result of it, a starring part in *The Crowded Sky*.

Once Troy was on his way to becoming established—professionally, personally, and financially—his relationship to his family changed abruptly. Troy suddenly became so conscious of his responsibilities as head of the family, that he was determined to do something about it. He sent for his mother and younger sister. He found them a place to stay. When his mother needed financial assistance, when her income from her investments did not come in on time, he was always ready to assist. He now attends P.T.A. meetings for his sister, Eve, and has adopted other parental prerogatives—without giving her a chance to rebel, as he once did. "I won't tell her what to do. I simply suggest what's best for her, and then let her make up her own mind," he insists.

For instance, she used to date quite a wise guy, at least in Troy's eyes. He was particularly upset when Eve told him that he always carried a bottle in his car, and tried to talk her into taking a drink. "Had I forbidden Eve to see him, she might have done it behind my back," he reasoned. "So we just had a heart-to-heart talk. I emphasized the trouble she could get into with this boy, then left the decision up to her. She stopped seeing him."

Whereas at one time Troy would leave the house under almost any pretense, he now makes a point of getting together with his family several times a week—and likes it.

Looking back at the last few years, Troy still feels that his abrupt decision to leave home was best for all concerned. It helped establish his independence—and made a man out of him.

He feels constant compromises and halfway measures lead to nothing but trouble in any relationship—which is also the reason he had earned both the good and bad reputation with women!

Nan Morris was by no means his first love. When he was nineteen, he got engaged to a beautiful New York model. But as she grew more successful, Troy's meager earnings couldn't provide her with her constantly more expensive tastes, till the gulf between them grew to a point where it split them apart. "I saw it coming for a long time, yet didn't have the courage to admit it to myself. Luckily one evening she made it quite clear what was happening. Although I was hurt at the time, it was best for both of us to recognize realities. It would have been much harder on both of us if I'd played the hurt lover indefinitely!"

His next infatuation was for a girl under contract to Universal-International, the same time he was tied to the studio. Her success came about much faster than his, and the New York episode repeated itself almost verbatim when she told him quite frankly one day that they weren't right for one another any longer.

Again Troy preferred the abruptnness that wrote 'finis' to their romance to a long, dragged out affair. This is, he told himself, how he would finish a relationship if he were ever caught on the other end of the line—which is exactly what happened with Nan Morris.

Although they were not officially engaged, they had gone steady for two years. When Troy became interested in another girl, he tried to tell Nan as gently as possible. She refused to believe it.

The way it looked!

One evening, not long ago, he took out this other girl. But he was so tired after a long day at the studio that he asked if she minded driving herself home in his car, after dropping him off at his house. She didn't mind.

The next day was Sunday. When she returned Troy's Porsche, she arrived just as he got ready to leave to meet his mother and sister for church.

She too was tired from the night before, and asked if she could rest on his couch till he came back. He didn't object.

Troy returned two hours later. He was just taking off his coat and loosening his tie when Nan arrived unexpectedly, says Troy. Through a peephole in his door, she could see a girl lying on the couch, covered by Troy's bathrobe, and Troy taking off his jacket and loosening his tie. "She put two and two together, and made twenty-five out of it," Troy said.

Nan frantically knocked on the door. The other girl hastily put on her coat, and ran out of the apartment, right past her.

Nan started to yell. When she kept it up, Troy took her inside and shook her hard by the shoulders, till she stopped. When she refused to believe what he told her, he angrily asked her to leave, insisting it was all over between them!

While this seemed abrupt and ungentlemanly to Nan, under the circumstances Troy felt it was the only sensible thing to do. Apparently he was right, for two weeks later Nan called uneasily, and asked to see him. He agreed, though still fearful of another scene. Instead she wanted his advice on a professional matter.

Several weeks have passed since then. Today, Nan and Troy still get together occasionally. They are no longer a ro-

mantic item. But they have managed to re-establish a friendly relationship in spite of what has happened, or maybe because of it. And even if Nan's closest friends don't understand, she does—and that's what counts for Troy.

Still, he's embarrassed about the incident. "This sort of thing never happened to me before, and I hope it never will again," he insists. "I'd much rather be jilted by a girl than appear to be the one responsible for something like this."

So these are the two faces of Troy. So different, yet so inter-related that one could not be without the other. Whether one likes or dislikes him for what he is, whether one agrees or disagrees with the way he manages himself, and others, one has to admit there's nothing wishy-washy about him.

Thank heavens—Hollywood has found a man again. A real man! **END**

the day Dinah was almost SHOT

It happened in France, during World War II, just a few hundred yards from the enemy lines. But the biggest threat that day was not the German guns. . . .

Dinah Shore was entertaining our servicemen on an improvised stage in an open field. More than 6,000 GI's were crowded around that afternoon—sitting, squatting, lying on the grass.

Once Dinah had sung a couple of numbers she asked for requests. After she finished the fourth or fifth, a GI, tall, rugged-looking and obviously unsteady-on-his-feet, got up and shouted, "Sing *Paper Doll!*"

It was a man's song. Dinah knew her presentation just wouldn't be what it should be. But there was no time for explanations. "I can't sing that one," she hollered back.

The GI, weaving unsteadily, tore his .45 automatic out of his holster and released the safety. At first the other GI's, and Dinah, thought he was kidding. After a few weeks in the line, combat soldiers are apt to have peculiar ways of having fun. "*Paper Doll!*" he yelled again.

"*I can't sing it!*" Dinah called back over the heads of several hundred men.

When the drunken GI started to push his way through the crowd toward the stage, everyone quickly realized that this was no joke. They also knew better than to argue with a guy who was intoxicated and wildly swinging a loaded gun. Nobody dared touch him. . . .

When he reached the podium, he stared up at Dinah, his eyes blood-shot, his voice hoarse, his right hand still gripping the gun—which was now pointing straight at Dinah's heart.

"I ask you for the last time—are you or ain't you goin' to sing that song?"

Dinah's legs grew weak, but if she lost her composure, she didn't show it. "I guess I'll have to," she smiled. Then she gently took the soldier's hand and helped him on stage. She put her arm around his waist, and led him to the microphone. His right hand was still gripping his gun.

"All right?" she asked quietly.

"*Just sing!*" he demanded.

Dinah nodded to her accompanist and began to sing—softly at first, then louder and louder till a wave of applause rose from the audience who knew she was singing to save her life.

Dinah was half-way through, when two MP's carefully sneaked up behind the GI. One got a tight grip on him and the other twisted his arm till the automatic dropped to the floor.

Dinah had tears in her eyes when she watched him walk down the podium steps between the MP's, looking more bewildered than dangerous. Then she turned back to the audience, and asked, "All right boys, what's next?"

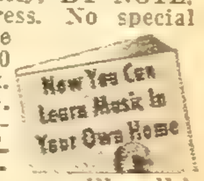


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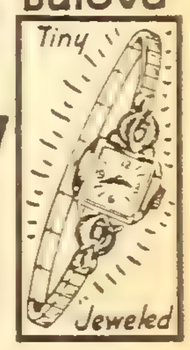
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I Believe I Heard the Voice of Jesus

(Continued from page 39)

arms. "My baby . . . my own baby. . . ."

"Virginia," my father's voice was sharp. "Quick," he said. "Call the doctor."

I swallowed and it was as if a thousand needles were stuck in my throat. My father brought me a small white wash basin and he held it in front of me as I coughed blood into it.

When my mom returned to the room after telephoning the hospital, she said, "They'll send an ambulance, but I told them you would drive her there. It'll be faster. We'll save time. They're notifying Dr. King to rush to the hospital immediately."

I have never seen my mother look so worried. Tears ran from her eyes, and, as my father wrapped me in a dark blanket, I remember hearing my mother's voice whispering, "Hail Mary, full of grace, blessed art Thou amongst women . . ."

My father lifted me into his strong arms, and I looked at his round face, his warm brown eyes and dark wavy hair, and suddenly he looked fuzzy. I squinted to try to see, and I fainted.

I bled all the way to the hospital, my father told me. Mom stayed home with Joey. Dad drove me to the emergency entrance of St. Joseph's where, he says, two internes were waiting. I was carried to the emergency room where Dr. King gave me a shot in my arm.

When I came to, I was lying on a long hospital table, wrapped in the blanket from home. I looked up into Dr. King's kind eyes, and he said, "There, there now, we're going to do everything we can."

He was so gentle, so sure of himself that I was calmed, although I continued to bleed. The internes placed towels around my neck to catch the hemorrhaging blood that dribbled down my chin.

In a few minutes, Dr. King inserted silver rods in my mouth, and I lay back while he stroked my forehead and soothed me. There was a strong smell of alcohol in the room that gagged me. The internes assisted Dr. King as he called out instructions. My father stood by me crying. When your father stands beside you with tears brimming over in his eyes, you know something's wrong.

For my *father* to cry, my life *had* to be in danger.

All I could do was pray

I closed my eyes. My mother's prayer came into my mind. And I began reciting the prayer in my head. I couldn't speak or whisper with the silver rods stuck in my throat. But I said the prayer over and over again in my mind until the white emergency room with its shiny silver instruments and snow-white walls came rushing toward me, overpowering me.

But the words stayed with me. *Hail Mary, full of grace . . . pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.* With all my heart I prayed. There was a thumping then in my brain, and I blacked out.

I remained unconscious all through my stay in the hospital and the return home. The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was the wooden crucifix on the blue wall of my mother's bedroom.

I prayed with all my might. I prayed to the Virgin Mary, whose own Child had suffered when He was hung on the Cross. *Hail Mary, full of grace . . . pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.*

When I opened my eyes again I saw the soft rosy light of dawn filtering through the ruffled white curtains at the window. My mother, sitting on a chair beside me, her eyes dark and baggy and her hair pulled back in a knot, caressed my cheeks with her warm hand. She had stood vigil with me through the night.

I couldn't see my mother too well, but the crucifix, which was further away, seemed like it was next to me. The small Cross of dark wood with the figure of Jesus, crowned with thorns, was right in front of me, and I kissed it.

"I am with you," I heard a Voice saying.

All that day I was delirious with fever. And that same night, my head was dizzy and I craved ice-water every time I woke up. My mother kept a lamp lit in the room while I slept, and whenever I awakened, I would see the pink wool blanket on the bed and I would finger it lovingly before I dozed off, thinking, *Someday, I'm going to have an all-pink bedroom.* I still remember one of the strange dreams I had as I lay there delirious. In the dream I saw a beautiful pink, satin-covered bed, a vanity dresser with a mirrored top and a wide pink-net skirt. On the dresser were sparkling atomizers and bottles of perfume with sweet, flowery scents. I dreamed I sniffed all the perfumes, then sat cross-legged on the pink satin bedspread in my pink pajamas while a white bedside radio serenaded me with dance music and I ate a hot fudge sundae.

That next morning when I woke up I saw the crucifix again, and I prayed. My brother Joey, chubby and brown-eyed, bounced into the room in good spirits and said he was going to read me a poem from his first-grade book.

Getting better

I sat up in bed and my mother served me a warm broth. Joey asked Mom if he could read another poem, and she told him to be careful and not to strain his throat.

He leaned over and kissed me on the cheek and said, "Annette, I don't want you to be sick. I want you to get out of bed—like me."

Then Mom told him to let me rest, and as I lay there in bed, I could hear the kids on the block, playing and laughing. Some of the girls were skipping rope to jump-rope rhymes, and others were playing hopscotch. I could hear the clack of the slate against the sidewalk as they took hopscotch turns. One of the neighbor girls, Mary Jo, bounced a ball to the tune of *One, Two, Three O'Leary.*

For the first time since I'd been in bed I felt lonely. I wanted to go out and play with them.

When the doctor came that afternoon, he asked me if I wanted anything. I asked him if I could have a few visitors for a little while. I wanted some company.

I could have them, he said. But, only if I promised not to talk.

Three of my girlfriends came at five o'clock. They brought me presents—a record and a charm bracelet and a Peter Rabbit hand puppet made out of a Christmas stocking.

They sat by the side of my bed on the kitchen chairs my father brought in for them. All of them were dressed up in pretty Christmas dresses, and they told me they wanted me to get well.

I wanted to reach over and hug them all.

My mother served them cups of hot chocolate and anise cookies, and when the sun started going down they left and said they'd come back and see me tomorrow.

They visited me every day until I was completely well. We played Jacks and Old Maid and sometimes Mary Jo would tell

us a ghost story her old sister Rosie had read in a grown-up magazine.

Then came the day when mother cooked spaghetti and the doctor said I could come to the table to eat it. I knew I was well. My sickness was over.

That next Sunday we went to Mass at St. Charles Roman Catholic Church on Moore Park Boulevard, and as I knelt to pray to Him, I also thanked Him for looking after me, for watching over me all through my crisis.

That night I went into my mother's bedroom and looked at the figure of Jesus on the wooden Cross, and I leaned over and kissed it.

I have never forgotten my faith since. I pray every day.

I thank Him for protecting me. And for letting me see my dreams come true.

For, not long afterward, the day came when I appeared on television, in my short skirt and cheerleader sweater, as one of the Mouseketeers on the Mickey Mouse Club TV show. And, later on, when we moved into our new house, my bedroom wish came true. It's all pink, and the bed has a pink satin bedspread, and in the corner I have my mirrored vanity dresser with the ruffled pink skirt and a collection of perfume bottles, each of them with a sweet heavenly scent.

God never forgets those who trust in Him. **END**

Annette's last picture was Walt Disney's SHAGGY DOG.

At 17 My Life is Over

(Continued from page 20)

"I think I'm pregnant," Beverly said, softly, still looking away.

Her girlfriend squeezed her hand now.

"Yes," Beverly said. "I'll know for sure in just a little while. I have an appointment with the doctor. At two o'clock."

She pulled her hand back from her friend's and brought it up to her face to wipe away the tears that were there.

"There," she said, "I've told you. What I've told nobody else . . . Are you surprised?"

Her friend nodded.

"I am," she said. "Yes."

Beverly smiled a little.

"It's funny," she said. "I'd thought it would be so different . . . I mean, here it is, the middle of the day, a bright and sunny day, in a restaurant, over lunch, a cold chicken salad, me in my black dress, my eyes still burning from all the crying, looking like I-don't-know-what because I haven't looked in a mirror for two weeks now—looking like I-don't-know-what and caring even less . . . and—"

She shook her head. The smile was gone from her lips already. The muscles in her slender white neck seemed to be pushing hard against her skin.

"And what, Bev?" her friend asked.

"And I'd just thought," Beverly went on, straining to get the words out, "that it would be so different . . . that's all."

She picked up a glass of water and took a sip.

She held up the glass for a long minute, looking into it, at the insipid and colorless water—silently, neither she nor her friend saying anything.

"I want this baby . . ."

And then, talking again, almost as if to herself, she said, "For two years I'd thought exactly how it would be, if and when this moment ever came, when it came time for me to tell . . . It would be night, I'd thought. I would be wearing something new, and special. I would be beautiful. And I'd joke with him for a while. And then I'd run into the kitchen, to the refrigerator, and grab hold of a bottle of champagne I'd had icing all that day, hidden, behind a big milk container or something. And I'd run back to where he was sitting and, holding the champagne up high, I'd say, 'It's time for a little celebration, my darling.' He'd ask why, of course—'And what is it we have to celebrate now, Woodnymph?' he'd ask. And I'd make him try to guess. Till he *did* guess. And then we'd both begin to laugh. And he'd get up and kiss me and hug me and squeeze me, hard, so hard that I'd have to remind him to be more gentle, that I was very fragile now, that I was different now and had to be treated very tenderly. And he'd stop. 'Yes, that's right,' he'd say, 'you're not a little girl any more, Woodsie, are you? You're the woman I'll be marrying someday soon, as soon as I get my divorce. You're the woman who will be my wife, and the mother of my child. Aren't you?' And as I would say yes, happily, he'd take me in his arms again, only much more gently this time, much more tenderly. And we would kiss. That minute. The next minute. All night. Kiss and hold each other and make love, forgetting all about the champagne, all about everything. Everything but us. . . .

"I had it all figured out, dreamed out, if and when," she said, putting down the water glass. "It would have been so wonderful. Except that he died, before I even knew about the baby myself, or had a chance to tell him."

She smiled again, a small and bitter smile this time.

"It's all what I guess some people would call ironic, isn't it?" she asked.

"Beverly," her girlfriend asked, "are you sure? About the baby?"

"Pretty sure," Beverly said. "I wake up sick. I hurt up here . . . I'm pretty sure."

"And do you feel all right about it?" her friend asked.

"Do you mean how do I feel about it in my heart, a young, husbandless, loverless, broken-up girl like me?" Beverly asked back. "Do you want to know if I'm happy or sad about this? Ashamed or proud? Is that what you mean? Honestly. Is that what you mean?"

Her girlfriend's face reddened and she tried to say something to explain.

"This baby—" Beverly said, after a moment, "—this is all I've got left of the only man who has ever meant anything to me, or ever will . . . I want this baby . . . More than anything else on earth."

A waiter came over to the table now, as she said this, and he asked the two girls if they would care for something else.

"A brandy, Beverly?" her girlfriend asked.

"No, thank you," she said.

"Coffee?"

"No," Beverly said. She looked down at her watch. "As a matter of fact," she said then, "it's about time for me to be going. Two o'clock, the doctor said. It's nearly that now . . . Do you mind if I go? Now?"

"No, not at all," said her friend.

Beverly rose from her chair and began to reach into her purse.

"Forget about splitting anything," her



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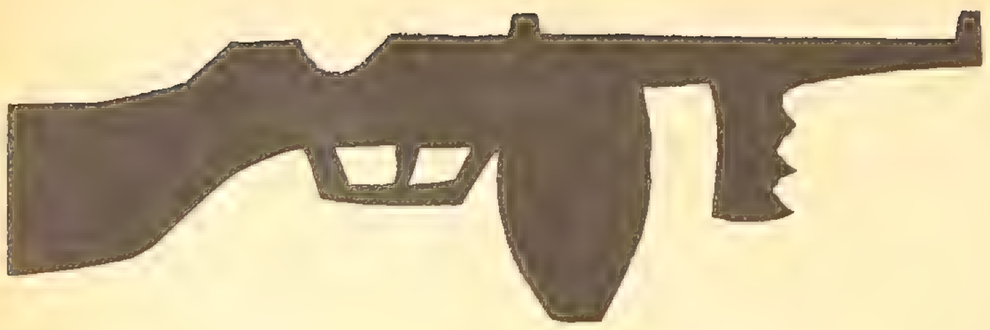
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■ The hotel detective raced for the elevator lobby.

"Woman just told me about three guys walking in here with tommy guns," he said. "Who were they?"

The elevator boy—new on the job—shrugged. "Don't know," he said. "I just took them where they told me—twelfth floor."

"Get me up there," the house dick said, "and quick!"

The corridor of the twelfth floor was quiet—for a moment.

Then the detective heard the voices, loud and lusty, from a room a few yards away.

It sounded like trouble, all right.

The detective rushed over to the door.

"Open up in there," he shouted. "Come on . . . *Open up!*"

Slowly, the door did open.

A pair of mischievous eyes looked up into the detective's.

"Hi," a voice said, softly.

"Paul Anka!" the detective said, recognizing the culprit, who happened to be drenched with water from head to toe. "What's going on here?"

Paul explained. "Sir," he said, pointing into the room, "my buddies and I, we're in town for a few days to cut some records . . . and because we had nothing to do, but nothing, we decided to have a li'l ole water fight . . . so we went out a little while ago to buy some water guns, and—"

He went on and on explaining, until the detective put up his hand and sighed.

"All right, Paul, all right," he said, "fool around a little bit more, if you have to . . . But please, try not to get too much of that juice on the walls or anything."

He turned and began to leave the room.

He was just about out, in fact, when he felt a dash of something—strangely water-like—hit him in the neck.

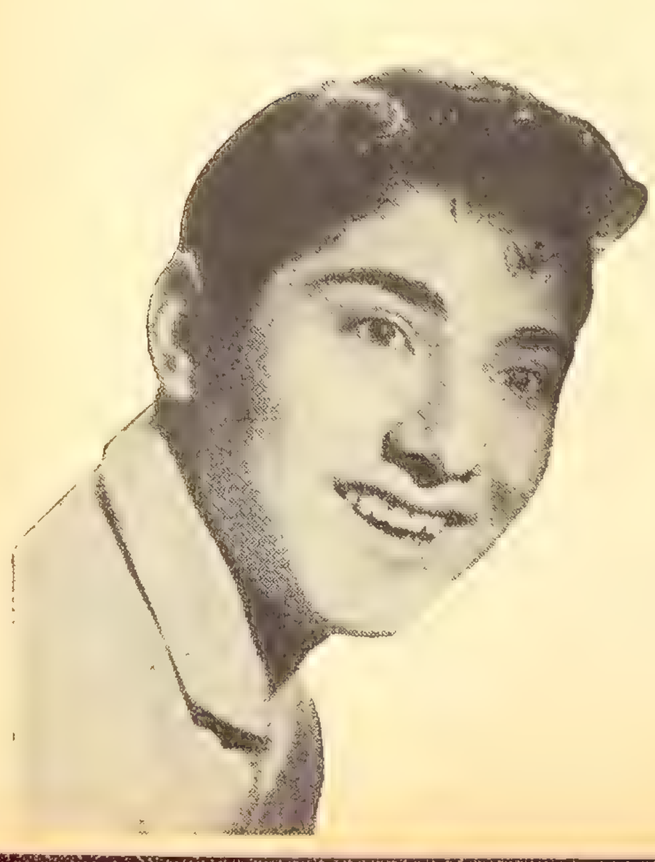
"Who did that?" he asked, turning back around.

The three boys stared at him, the picture of angels.

"What . . . who . . . how?" they asked, their guns planted firmly at their sides.

The detective couldn't help laughing.

And then he walked out—backwards, this time.



Paul Anka's Tommy Gun

friend said. "I told you I was only kidding. Lunch was on me."

"Thank you," Beverly said.

Then she bent and kissed her friend, quickly.

"Excuse me if I was—" she started to say.

"Never mind," her friend said. "I know how you must feel right now."

Beverly turned, and began to walk away.

And her girlfriend, watching her, thought: "God, protect this poor lost kid. . . ."

All that's left of the man she loved

The doctor was a busy man. He minced no words. "Miss Aadland," he said, after he'd completed his examination, "there is no way of telling immediately whether you're pregnant or not. We just don't know yet. It takes a laboratory report and that won't be back here in this office till tomorrow. Tomorrow morning at nine. Now why don't you go home and try to relax and give me a ring then? Tomorrow—nine o'clock. That's all I can say to you now. Good-bye, Miss Aadland. . . ."

Beverly stood at the door of Errol Flynn's house. She hadn't been here since that night, three weeks earlier, when they'd left for Vancouver, together. She'd thought, when he died, that she would never come back to this house. Not alone. Not without him.

But she did not feel alone now.

Inside her, she knew, somewhere deep inside her, lay the little germ of the baby that was hers and Errol's.

It didn't matter to her that the doctor she'd seen a few hours earlier had been evasive about the whole matter. Baby doctors, for all the humanity they tended, were men of science, she figured. They never said yes or no to anything, she knew, till they'd checked with their test tubes, their blood specimens, their rabbits and mice, their laboratory reports; till they'd scratched their graying heads and studied these reports and come to their 'conclusions.'

Well, she thought now, let the men of science do their scratching, their checking.

But she—she was a woman.

And women knew these things, instinctively.

As she knew now.

That inside her, somewhere, lay that child of hers and Errol's.

As she knew, too, that, though her lover and husband-to-be was dead and gone, she was no longer alone. . . .

She opened the door and entered the house.

She flicked a switch that turned on all the lights downstairs.

She walked through the foyer, past the living room to the right, past the raised dining room to the left, to the sunroom in the rear of the house—the room that had been their room, complete with shining checkered linoleum and well-stocked bar and big fat TV and view of the pool, and with the old soft couch.

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where they used to sit—so close, so much of the time—still there, just like always.

She walked over to the couch now, and she sat.

After a moment—the room was quiet, too quiet—she reached for the little TV switcher that sat on the end table to the right, blew off some of the dust that had gathered on it, and pressed a button.

The television, across from her, lit up.

A man said something to her about a 1960 car. "Big, beautiful and roomy; a totally new idea in automobile styling," he said. "Made for you!"

Beverly pressed another button.

A girl in a ruffled dress sat at a piano, playing something Schubert-like, candlelight playing on her face. She looked over at a man, who stood listening to her, watching her. He began to approach her—

Beverly pressed another button.

This time she got a Western, two men in big hats arguing, slurringly.

She pressed another button.

Another western.

Another button.

A cartoon lady, advertising bread.

Another button.

Another.

Another.

Till she rose from the couch, suddenly, the room quiet once more, the television off, and walked over to the bar, in the far corner of the room.

"My life won't be over . . ."

Among all the bottles there, a small split of champagne had caught her eye.

She reached for it and took it from its shelf.

She struggled for a moment with the wiring and silver foil around its neck, and finally she opened it.

"My darling," she said, aloud, as she reached for a glass and poured in some of the champagne, "—it's time for a little celebration."

She lifted the glass to her lips, and took a sip.

She shuddered.

"It's warm, much too warm," she said. "I *know* how you like it iced . . . but, you see, I've been so busy today, at the doctor's . . . because, you see, we're going to have a baby—Yes, yes, my darling—A baby. And it's certain. Oh yes, of course it's certain. . . ."

Her hand began to tremble.

She let the glass she was holding fall.

It crashed to the floor, the wine splashing against her ankles.

She walked back to the couch.

She sat once more.

She closed her eyes.

"Darling," she whispered, her voice breaking as she made her confession to the silent room, "—it's almost certain." She brought up her hand and ran it through her long blonde hair. "Only a phone call," she said. "I have only to phone the doctor, tomorrow, and he has only to say 'Yes, it's true' . . . And then everything will be all right with me again. And I'll know that my life isn't over."

She fell back on the couch.

"Our child," she said. "I'll have at least that . . . It will grow inside me, and then it will come. It will get big. I will take such care of it, such loving care. And one day I will tell our child about its father—about how good and glorious a man he was. And when I am finished telling our child, he will smile, proudly—and he will ask me to tell him even more about you, his father. And I will. And so you will always still be with us—with me, with our child."

She nodded.

She brought her hand up to her stomach.

"Little baby," she whispered, "I want you so much."

And then, desperately, she tried to fall asleep, so that the morning would come that much more quickly. . . .

Too hard from here on in

It was exactly 9:00 a.m.

Beverly picked up the receiver and dialed the doctor's office.

"Hello?" she heard the busy-sounding voice ask.

"This is Miss Aadland," she said. "Beverly Aadland . . . I wondered—" she started to say, nervously.

"The report, yes," the doctor said. "It should be here—among my papers."

She heard the rustle of the papers; the short silence that followed; then the doctor's impatient voice, calling out, "Nurse!"

Another silence followed.

Till, finally, the doctor spoke up again.

"Miss Aadland?"

"Yes," Beverly said.

"Now, the report," the doctor said, "yes. It's negative."

Beverly repeated the word after him.

"That's right," said the doctor. "You're not pregnant."

"That can't be," Beverly said. "There must be a mistake."

The doctor told her that the report was conclusive. "The nausea, the other symptoms that you told me about," he said, "are probably the result of the tension you've been undergoing these past few weeks."

"But that *can't* be," Beverly said again, her hand clutching hard at the receiver. "There must be a *mistake!*"

"Miss Aadland," the doctor said—there

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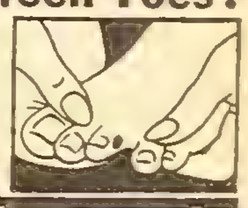
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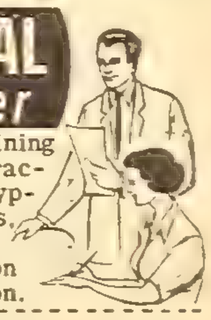
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was a different tone to his voice now; softer, friendlier—"let me tell you something, please . . . I think I know most of the facts of this case, more than the medical facts. And I think I should tell you this. There is nothing more beautiful in life, for a woman, than to have a child by the man she loves. This I know. I have delivered many babies in my time, seen the expression on the faces of many new mothers right after the deliveries . . . But I have seen, too, the faces of mothers whose children arrived fatherless, girls who thought that this was what they had wanted—*thought*. And these girls—girls like you—they did not smile when the important moment came. For it was as if they had realized suddenly that it would be too hard from here on in—not for them—but for the little son or daughter they had just given birth to. As if they realized that from here on in it would be a life of continual explanations, of terrible incompleteness, of foisting a mother's memories on a child who knows only the present, and does not, never will, understand a distant and far-removed past. . . .

"Do you understand, Miss Aadland, what I am trying to say, to tell you?"

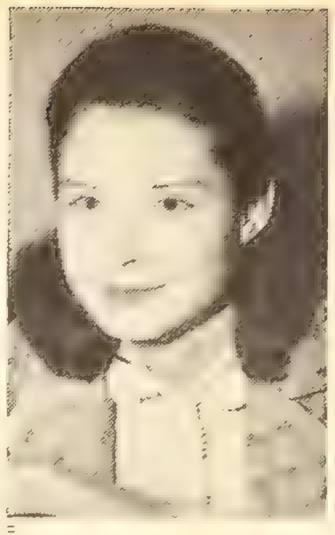
Beverly did not answer.

"Miss Aadland? Do you understand?"

"No," Beverly said, finally.

"I know, I know," the doctor said. "It doesn't make much sense to you now, does it? But someday it will. Believe me. . . ."

He said good-bye.



DIANE BAKER

I was once a model so I know that models work just as hard as gals in Hollywood do—maybe even harder. That's why I got such a kick out of that article in the new **INGENUE** *Magazine called "Beauty Tips From Top Teen Models." That every-hair-in-its place look is an around-the-clock job.*

And they hung up.

And Beverly, looking around the room she and Errol had shared, felt cold suddenly, and she rose, looked down at the wrinkled dress she had slept in, picked up her purse and walked, slowly, alone again, towards the door. **END**

Beverly stars in CUBAN REBEL GIRLS, *Exploit Films.*

Dick Clark, I Love You

(*Continued from page 45*)

the sun-porch of the house where she lives with her parents and her twenty-three-year-old brother, Marty. We were alone. Her mother, Essie, had just cleared the supper dishes and was in the living room, reading the *Evening Bulletin*. Her father, Samuel, a public relations man, was upstairs dressing, getting ready to go visit some relatives.

"When did I first meet Dick Clark?" Myrna said, in answer to our first question. "It all started on a Monday, I remember, during school lunch, two and a half years ago. I heard from somebody that Tab Hunter, my *then* most favorite of all the stars, was going to be on the *Dick Clark Bandstand* that coming Friday. I wanted to see him in person, so much, that that's all I thought about for the rest of the afternoon. Then after school I decided to go to the *Bandstand* studio, only four blocks from the school, to see if I could get a ticket in advance maybe. I went. I got on a line. And before I knew it, somehow, I was following the line right into the studio and up to Dick Clark who was saying hello to everyone as we passed, saying, 'Welcome to today's show. I hope you have a good time.' I thought to myself, 'My gosh, am I going to be seeing a real TV show? Oh my gosh!' "

The first thing Myrna did inside the studio was to look for a seat, a good place from which to watch the goings-on. She found one, and for the next few minutes she kept her eyes glued on Dick, busy now talking with his director, producer and a few of the technicians. Then she watched him as he walked up to his podium, called the crowd to order and gave his pre-show speech. "You know," Myrna says, "for the fellows to keep their jackets on, for everyone to look his pleasantest, directions as to how to get to the boys' and girls' rooms just in case, and things like that."

After the speech, Myrna was surprised to see Dick step down from the podium and walk over to her.

She was nervous, so nervous that she found herself speaking even before he did.

"Hi," she said, "this is my first time here."

"I know," Dick said, "I just wanted to check . . . to see if you'd signed the guest book. Everybody does that the first time they come on the show."

Myrna shook her head. "I didn't even see the book," she said. "Is it in the lobby?"

"That's right," Dick said.

Myrna started to rise.

"Never mind," Dick said. "You can do it later, on your way out."

As Myrna sat again, he said, "I hope you enjoy the show this afternoon."

"I'm sure I will," Myrna said.

"You know," Dick said, "most of the fun for our kids is the dancing—"

"Oh yes," Myrna said. "I've seen the show . . . and I think that's the best part, too, watching the kids dance and have fun."

"You going to dance, Myrna?" Dick asked.

She shrugged. "Gee, I don't know," she said.

"Do you like to dance?" Dick asked.

"I guess," Myrna said. "I've danced a few times at school. But, gee, I don't know. Here. On television and everything . . . I really don't think so, Mr. Clark."

"Well," Dick said, after a moment, "I'm not going to ask you to do what you don't really want to do. But let's just say one of the fellows here comes over to you later and asks you to take a few turns around the floor—will you think it over before you say no to him?"

Again, Myrna shrugged.

"Please?" Dick asked.

He smiled now.

And then he walked away. . . .

A few minutes later—at exactly 3:30—the show began. And it wasn't long after that, in the middle of a swingin' R&R number, that a boy did come over to Myrna and ask her to be his partner.

Myrna took a deep breath.

"Gee, I—" she started to say, looking

Intimate Thoughts of a Bride-to-Be

(*Continued from page 33*)

share her joyful plans. "I have to keep all the excitement to myself," Evy complains wistfully—but only to herself. She does not want to tell Jimmy. "I want to be *everything* for him," she says to herself, "everything *good* . . . I do not want to bring him any sadness . . . Because of Jimmy, I am happier than I ever dreamed possible. I want him to be as happy because of me."

Then Evy smiles, looking forward to the wonderful honeymoon they will have in Europe soon, and that very special day when her husband will meet her family.

These are the intimate thoughts of a bride-to-be. **END**

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away from the boy. Her eyes shot over to the podium.

She hoped that Dick wasn't watching this.

But he was.

She tried to smile at him.

He grinned a big grin, and he winked.

Myrna's head felt hot, suddenly. *I don't want to,* she thought. *No, I don't want to . . . But he's been so nice to me—*

She looked back at the boy. "I thought it over," she said, rising. "And yes, I'd like very much to dance. . . ."

It was fun after all . . .

At the end of the show, Dick came over to her. He put his arm around her shoulder. "How was it, Myrna—fun?" he asked.

"I felt a little shaky at first, I've got to admit," Myrna said. She nodded. "But it was fun—at least, soon as I got over thinking that there were a couple of thousand people watching me on their sets."

"A couple of thousand?" Dick asked. He stepped back from her and gave her that famous mock-shocked look of his. "Miss Horowitz," he said, "don't you realize that at last count there were eighteen million people who—"

"Eighteen million?" Myrna interrupted him. She closed her eyes. "Oh no," she said, moaning, as if she had a sudden stomach ache.

"If it was *that* bad—well, you don't have to come back any more, you know," Dick said.

Myrna opened her eyes, quickly.

"Or do you think," Dick asked, "that maybe you'd *like* to come back?"

"Oh I would," Myrna said. "You see . . . the reason I came in the first place was so I could come Friday. I wanted to make sure I'd see Tab Hunter, I mean. And he's going to be here Friday."

Dick reached into his pocket and handed Myrna a ticket. "This'll get you in Friday," he said. "—Matter of fact," he said, "this ticket will get you in tomorow, too, if you decide you'd like to come then . . . Would you?"

"I wasn't so sure at that exact moment," Myrna recalls. "But the next morning, soon as I woke up, I found myself thinking how much I really would like to go back that afternoon. And so I went. And I went the next day. And the next. And each day I'd find myself having a better and better time, and dancing more and more, too. I went so much, in fact, that after a while one of my teachers at school stopped calling me Myrna and started referring to me as 'Bandstand.'

"Boy, things really got funny like that. So *many* people began to recognize me from the show. I remember once I was in Atlantic City, walking down the boardwalk, and an old lady came rushing over to me and pinched my cheek and said, 'I watch you on TV—you're so cute.' And there was the time I was sitting in the trolley and two little kids saw me and asked me for my autograph. That was the first time that happened. It's happened lots of times since. Oh I've had the time of my life ever since I've been going on the show.

"Like the people I've met, for instance.

"Friends first. Other Philadelphia girls who come to the show all the time. Joyce Shafer and Carole Higbee and Mary Ann Cuff and Lois and Barbara Trott, the twins. You should hear the phone ringing all the time in our house now. My father says it sounds like a Bell Telephone Exchange office.

How life has changed

"And stars! I've met Roger Smith on the show—he's so cute, such a doll. And Pat Boone. Annette Funicello. Johnny Mathis. Connie Francis. James Garner. The Teddy Bears—Phil, Marshall and Annette. And Fabian. I even *danced* with Fabian.

"And, of course, there's Dick.

"And how can I tell how great I think he is, all that he's done for me?

"Like the time I went to the hospital, for instance. . . ."

The time was December, 1958. Myrna's bad leg was beginning to bother her. A doctor recommended corrective surgery on the knee-cap. Myrna's first question was, "How long will I have to be in bed?" The doctor told her, "A few weeks in the hospital—then a few months at home, two, maybe even three."

That afternoon, after the show, Myrna told Dick about the operation.

He took her into his office, behind the studio, and closed the door.

"When's the operation?" he asked her.

"Day after tomorrow," Myrna said. "I go to the hospital tomorrow, and then, the next morning, the doctor operates."

Dick took her hand. "I guess this is the time for a nice speech from me," he said, softly. "Well . . . I'm not good at making speeches, Myrna. But let me tell you this: I wish you all the luck in the world. I know you'll come through with everything all right. I have faith. I want you to have faith, too."

He leaned over, and kissed her on the cheek.

"Good luck," he said, again, "—and hurry back to us."

The next day, on the air, Dick told a nationwide audience about Myrna and the operation.

"She'll be away from us for a little while," he said, "but if you'd like to keep in touch with her, just drop her a postcard every once in a while. I think she'd appreciate that. . . ."

"And do you know what happened, just

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKED ERROL FLYNN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKE TUESDAY WELD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE GLENN FORD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE CRASH CRADDOCK:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE CATHY CROSBY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE EVY NORLUND:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE JAMES DARREN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

7. I LIKE GIA SCALA:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

8. I LIKE JEAN SIMMONS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE STEWART GRANGER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot

from what Dick said?" Myrna asked us. "I didn't only get postcards, hundreds and hundreds of them, from people all over the country. But I got fancy cards, bought and homemade. And I got things like bracelets and necklaces. And handkerchiefs, handkerchiefs, handkerchiefs—I don't know how many of those I got.

"I was in the hospital for a couple of weeks. Then, on Christmas Eve, I was sent home. I was home, recuperating, for fourteen more weeks. I watched the show on TV every day. Boy, came 3:30 and you knew what I was doing—it was stop everything and turn on the set . . . All of the shows were great, I thought. But there was a best show for me, a special show. That was on February 25. It was after five o'clock and nearly the end of the show. All of a sudden—I'll never forget it—Dick stopped everything and reached for a cake somebody was holding. It was a beautiful cake, all lit with candles. 'Today,' Dick said, 'is Myrna Horowitz' birthday.' Then he looked straight into the camera and said, 'Happy Birthday, Myrna.' I felt kind of funny, lying there in my bed, having Dick talk to me. I even felt kind of funny crying in a room, all alone. But as I kept looking at that cake, and at Dick, I didn't care. I just sat up in my bed and, as if I were right there in the middle of the studio, I said, 'Thank you, Dick'—just like that.

Dick's been wonderful

"Another time I'll never forget," Myrna goes on, "was the party Dick and the kids gave for me the first day I was allowed to get out of bed. It was at Palumbo's restaurant. It was a surprise. There was dinner at Palumbo's. And then, later, Dick took us all to the movies, to see Ricky Nelson in *Rio Bravo* . . . At first, at Palumbo's, I thought it was just the kids who were giving the party for me. But then, through the main door, in walked Dick. He made believe he didn't see me at first. 'What's this all about,' he asked, keeping a straight face, 'who's here?' One of the girls said, 'Oh, you know—Myrna Horowitz.' 'Myrna Horowitz,' Dick said, 'who's that? There's no such person?' And then he looked over at me and he started to laugh and to say something like, 'Myrna, it's so good to see you again—.' And I started to cry—I cry very easily, you see; at the movies and on TV, in plays, I even cry at happy endings. And there was such emotion between us that night."

Myrna paused for a moment as she remembered that night.

"There are so many other things I can tell you about Dick," she said then. "Things he's done for me, reasons I love him so much . . . I just wouldn't know where to begin."

Her father walked into the sun-porch now.

"Phone call, Myrna," he said.

He watched his daughter as she rose to leave.

"I tell you," he said, "just like the Telephone Exchange, this house."

Then he turned to us and smiled.

"Dick Clark, Dick Clark," he said. "He's become like another member of the family these past couple of years . . . I guess you could tell by now that our daughter is crazy about him. And, you know, I like him, too, very much, very much. To me, he's what I'd call a moral therapist. He keeps morality in the kids. He speaks softly to them, kindly. But, from what I understand, he's a hard taskmaster when he doesn't like something the kids might do. I hear, for instance, that he won't put up with kids cutting school just to come to the show. Some of the kids tried to get away with this. But when he found out he banned them from the show, for good. He means business. He's like a good teacher. Well, you remember a good teacher long after you've graduated and grown up and got married and had kids of your own. And that's the way I feel it's going to be with Dick Clark and the children of the present generation who have got to know him . . . Like Myrna."

Myrna returned to the sun-porch now.

"That was Joyce Shafer, one of the girls I told you about, from the show," she said. "We're going to the movies together in a little while."

She sat again.

"You know," she said, "on the way to the phone, and back, I was thinking that everything I've been saying so far is to make people who read this story know what I think of Dick.

"And I thought: There's Dick himself now, probably sitting at home and looking through some newspapers right now, reading more of the things they've been writing about him these past few days, and feeling just awful.

"And I thought I'd like to say something to *him*, while I'm talking; something to maybe make *him* feel better.

"I'd say it to him in person, at the studio, except I guess I'm too shy that way, still.

"But, anyway, I'd like to tell him now that I, for one, am behind Dick Clark, no matter what. And I'd like to tell him the same thing he told me when I went to the hospital last December: *I wish you all the luck in the world. I know you'll come through with everything all right. I have faith. I want you to have faith, too.*

"All right?" Myrna asked. "Would you please print that in your magazine?"

We promised that we would. **END**

Dick stars in BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG, *Columbia.*

---

[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

9. I LIKE ANNETTE FUNICELLO:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

10. I LIKE SAMMY DAVIS, JR.:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

11. I LIKE JAMES ARNESS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

12. I LIKE DICK CLARK:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

13. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

14. I LIKE EVELYN RUDIE:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

15. I LIKE TROY DONAHUE:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

16. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE . . . . **NAME** . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . STREET

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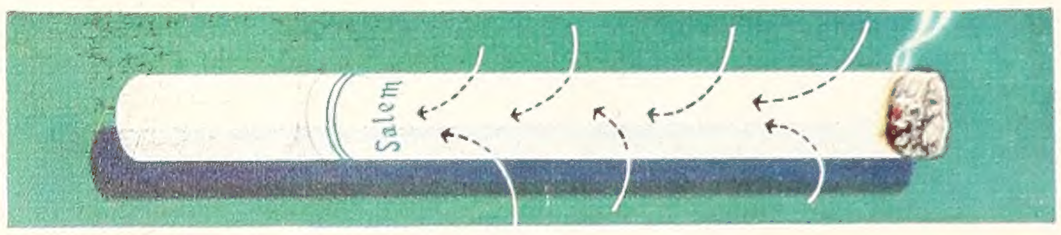
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